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THE ROGUES' BOOKSHELF

THE UNFORTUNATE
TRAVELER, *OR THE*
LIFE OF JACK WILTON

BY
THOMAS NASHE

With an Introduction
BY SAMUEL C. CHEW



NEW YORK
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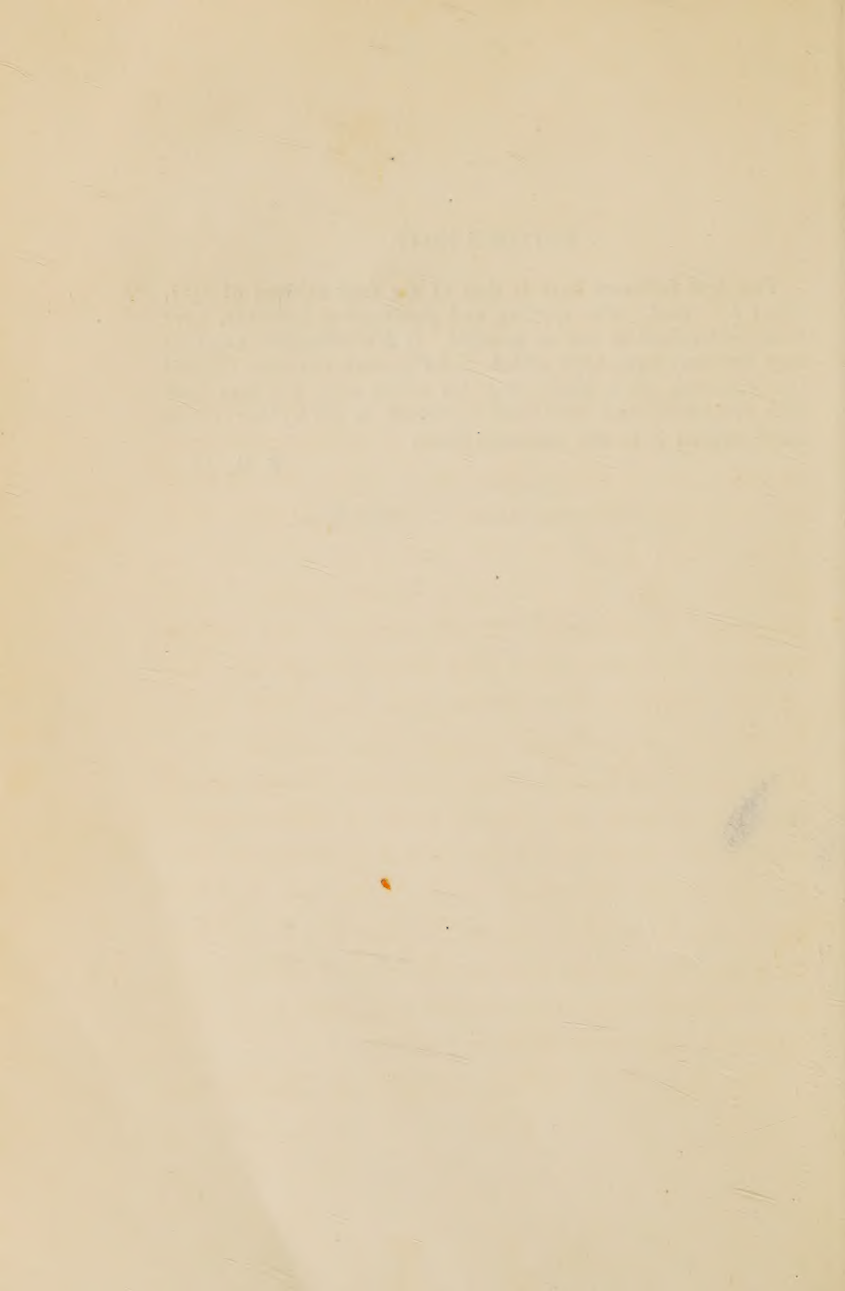
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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text followed here is that of the first editions of 1594, word for word. The spelling and punctuation, however, have been modernized as far as possible. A few necessary explanatory footnotes have been added, and the work has been divided into chapters. It is hoped that this robust story has thus been both accurately and agreeably presented to the reader whose chief interest is in the narrative itself.

E. B., JR.



INTRODUCTION

“INGENIOUS, ingenuous, fluent, facetious”—such are the epithets bestowed by Thomas Dekker upon the author of *The Unfortunate Traveler*. Francis Meres calls him “Sweet Tom”; and despite his reputation as a railing and tart satirist, an “English Aretine,” there yet lingers an attractive flavor about Nashe’s personality. From the scanty records that have survived, a novelist with the requisite endowments might compose a romance of adventures not unlike those of the celebrated Jack Wilton himself. One of the brilliant and bedraggled men who plied the trade of poet and pamphleteer in the colorful squalor of Elizabethan London, Nashe seems in a sense born out of due time, a writer whose livelihood would have been less precarious had he come upon the great scene of the world a few centuries later when the profession of journalism, to which he and his fellows dedicated their tentative experiments, had obtained at least some recognition and reward from society.

The son of a Suffolk clergyman, Nashe was

born in 1567 and in due course entered Cambridge University. It appears, when all allowance has been made for the hostile prejudice which tinges the surviving records, that his conduct as an undergraduate was none too seemly, and there is ground for the suspicion that his departure from Cambridge, some time in 1588, was abrupt and compulsory. He took with him a quantity of miscellaneous learning, a zest for literature and life, and an ardent love of poetry which is one of his most appealing qualities. It is possible that he then went on a journey into Italy, but more probable that he plunged at once into the gay and squalid, pitiable and picturesque life of a man of letters of all work in London. That in the following year he was selected to write a preface for a book by so famous an author as Robert Greene is evidence of the rapidity with which he had won a reputation as a witty writer. The same year saw him enlisted in the anti-Martinist ranks of the notorious and complex Martin Mar-Prelate controversy. The full extent of Nashe's contributions to this war of pamphlets is not certainly known; but the dispute does not concern us here, nor the personal quarrel with the egregious Gabriel Harvey into which Nashe's share in the controversy quickly

degenerated. Meanwhile he was producing other pamphlets of a satiric, hortatory and moralizing kind; and in or about 1592 undertook a book which he described as "being a clean different vein from other my former courses of writing." This was *The Unfortunate Traveler or the Life of Jack Wilton*, completed by June, 1593, and published in 1594.

The investigator of Nashe's later life traces him at discrete intervals in London and the provinces. On more than one occasion he was in difficulties with the authorities, especially when in 1597 he was forced to lie *perdu* in consequence of a comedy, *The Isle of Dogs*, which was declared seditious. Seized by the authorities, this play has perished. Judging from his surviving experiments in dramatic form, it is unlikely that the loss to literature is very serious. In 1599 Nashe's writings figure in a list of books to be seized and burnt. After that year he quite disappears from view. The exact date of his death is uncertain, but in 1601 he is referred to as among the departed.

The Unfortunate Traveler is in a "different vein" not only from Nashe's earlier books and pamphlets but from anything that preceded it in English literature. That vein is, in a word, the

picaresque. But the difference is not so "clean" as the precisian might desire. The tale gathers up into its lively pages a quantity of reminiscence of earlier popular literature. The informed reader is constantly being reminded of something that has gone before. Diverse materials, indigenous and outlandish, went to its making; English rogue-literature and Spanish picaresque; French *fabliaux* and Italian *novelle*; travelers' stories and floating hearsay. The story springs from no one precise source but it contains an abundance of analogues to the vast amorphous mass of Renaissance literature. It is, as the Germans say, a "tendency-piece"; it indicates the direction in which the fluctuating winds of popular taste were blowing. It "looks before and after," and while suggesting much of a world of letters that was passing away anticipates much also of the literature of later ages. In itself very entertaining, it is even more so to the reader who is willing to "mix instruction with his pleasure" (according to Ben Jonson's recipe) and note attentively the varied strands from which the multi-colored fabric of the tale is woven.

In the years when Nashe was making his way in London Robert Greene was publishing his series of "coney-catching" pamphlets in which

the serious studies, made at an earlier period by Copland, Awdeley and Harman, of the manners, methods and jargon of sturdy vagabonds and roving rogues, were turned to more popular and sensational account. Such "notable discoveries" of the ways of cheats, foists and cut-purses with gulls and conies have something in common with the current "jest-books," collections of anecdotes of practical jokes, pranks and horse-play held together by their attribution to some famous crank or clown or mountebank such as Tarleton or Scoggin. The opening pages of *The Unfortunate Traveler* promise nothing more than such a collection, for the tricks played by Jack Wilton upon the cider-merchant, the captains, the Switzer and the clerks are but disconnected anecdotes of the jest-book variety, somewhat ambitiously elaborated. Hints in these pages promise that Jack is to be exhibited as more of a rogue than in the event he turns out to be; and it is likely that Nashe, as his tale gathered momentum, somewhat altered his conception of the hero's character, drawing farther away from the typical vagabond of the literature of roguery. For Jack, though a nimble rascal, wanton and mischievous, is no mere vulgar trickster, in his own words "no common squire, no undertrodden

torch-bearer," but "a gentleman at least," consorting with the great, and proud of his dapper raiment. Had Nashe intended him for an arrant knave the Elizabethan sense of decorum would have forbidden such a juxtaposition as that shown in Wilton's intimacy with so great an aristocrat as the Earl of Surrey. Jack is really a cross between the picaresque vagabond and the pert and licensed page of Lyly's courtly comedies.

There was an abundance of such graceful, impudent and licentious young rascals in the literature of the Renaissance and in the life, and they strut charmingly in many a Tuscan and Umbrian painting. But for the other strain in Jack's pedigree we must turn to *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the Spanish picaresque tale, translated into English when Nashe was a child and doubtless within the ample compass of his reading. The problem of his indebtedness to it has been much debated, but it is now pretty generally admitted that though both tales belong to the category of the picaresque they are at wide removes from each other. Both heroes are in service and both go padding along the highways, but beyond these resemblances there is little in common between them or between their adventures,

Lazarillo is miserably born and bred; he serves in turn seven masters; is starved by each and repays each in satiric invective. The contrast with Wilton's relations with Surrey could scarcely be more pronounced. And the outcome of the two stories is quite as dissimilar. Lazarillo, like Hajji Baba long after him, obtains a petty governmental appointment and waxes fat on graft and corruption, whereas when Wilton marries Diamante and brings his tale to a close he has still to make his way in the world and there is no indication that his rise to fortune (if he rises) will in any way resemble Lazarillo's. The Spanish rogue comes to the surface of literature from the very dregs of life. His ignoble obsequiousnesses and successes are depicted with a cool detached impartiality that resembles that of the writers of the *novelle* and is worlds removed from the English bent towards edification which, for all its liveliness, is at the basis of Nashe's tale. Jack is often unscrupulous; his taste in ladies and in drink is not ours; he is free from scruples that possess us; but he cannot shake himself quite free from moral concern. Perhaps there is a modicum of truth in his claim—a claim Lazarillo would not have dreamed of advancing—to be “a gentleman at least.” Thus, though the

doubts raised by some critics as to whether *The Unfortunate Traveler* can rightly be classed among picaresque narratives are hardly valid, Jack Wilton is not the typical rogue of the *genre*. The element of the picaresque is surely present, but there are other elements as well.

At the outset we find ourselves in the midst of ✓ Henry VIII's Flemish campaign. So definite a historical background is a new departure in prose fiction. Nashe himself seems to realize it, for he remarks: "All that in this fantastical treatise I can promise, is some reasonable conveyance of history and variety of mirth." Of the "reasonableness" with which history is "conveyed" there may be some question, for in his use of this material Nashe exhibits the characteristically Elizabethan disregard for accuracy and cheerfully commits the grossest anachronisms. He compresses and distorts chronology to suit his purpose, thus affording an interesting parallel to the technique of the writers of the chronicle plays. No hint is given, for example, that nineteen years separated the battle of Marignano from the Münster insurrection. The suppression of the Anabaptists took place in 1534, yet thereafter Surrey and Wilton learn from Erasmus of his intent to write the *Encomium Moriae* (which

was published in 1509) and from More of his intended *Utopia* (which appeared in 1516). Such slips, like Shakespeare's serene superiority to historical detail, are never of a sort to distract or offend the public for which Nashe wrote. If they provide work for the commentators, that is the commentators' gain and no one else's loss.

Careless though he was, there is evidence that Nashe made use of certain chronicles, notably that of Lanquet to which he refers. The significant thing is that in this use of the actual past as a background Nashe gives a faint premonition of the historical novel. He places his imaginary hero amid a company of real people and by associating him with the Earl of Surrey, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More and others and by carrying him through authentic battles, sieges and riots not only bestows a color of historical interest upon Jack's adventures but also gives to them a semblance of probability. The art with which this is accomplished is fumbling; Nashe has a greater knowledge of what should be done than of how to do it; but the result gives promise of what Defoe was later to perform with partial, and Scott with complete, success.

A curious legend is interwoven with the narrative of Wilton's connection with the Earl of

Surrey. The story of that noble poet's devotion to the fair Geraldine is based upon his sonnet dedicated to her, beginning "From Tuskane came my Ladies worthy race." This sonnet in praise of a lady from Tuscany seems to have given rise to the tradition, for which there is no foundation in fact, that Surrey traveled in Italy. It is uncertain whether Nashe merely transmitted a story that came to him or whether upon very slender report he embroidered his elaborate fancy. Certain it is that from Nashe Michael Drayton obtained the Surrey-Geraldine theme which he employs in one of the finest of his "Heroical Epistles." And it illuminates Nashe's conception of Wilton's character to note his appreciation of the chivalrous beauty of Surrey's courtly homage to his lady. The trade of Jack's own sweetheart, Diamante, points the contrast.

The Italian background of Wilton's adventures is the chief argument for the opinion that Nashe had traveled in Italy. But the evidence is of the vaguest. There is no attempt to differentiate between the various towns through which Surrey and Wilton pass. Many pages are devoted to Venice without so much as an allusion to a canal; and the attentive reader will remark signs of naïf ignorance of the problems confronting both Vene-

tian architects and also the numerous Venetian householders who from time to time found themselves with a "slovenly unhandsome corpse" upon their hands. The route followed by Wilton is for the most part ill-defined, and when Nashe for once risks definition it is to perpetrate the curious blunder of sending his hero from Rome down Tiber "with a merry gale" *en route* to Bologna. One is entitled to suspect that Nashe had himself never been *dans cette gallère*. Yet there are a few attempts at local color, especially in the descriptions of Rome, that might support the opposite opinion. At all events, what is more interesting than the question whether Nashe had been in Italy is his conception of Italian life and character. Here especially is the English inclination to be edifying apparent. The hortatory tone of Nashe's moral pamphlets is audible amid the noise of Jack's escapades. The picture of Italy resembles those drawn by Roger Ascham, by Harrison and Greene and Munday, and by the various writers of plays with Italian settings. The exigencies of their medium forced the dramatists to withhold for the most part their comment upon the depravities which they exhibit; but the writers in prose narrative and description are eloquent in denunciation. "The

sink and drain of hell" is Harrison's well-known characterization of Italy; and in that country one of Greene's heroes "did such villainy as is abominable to declare." "It is now a privy note amongst the better sort of men," Nashe remarks, "when they would set a singular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to say, he hath been in Italy." And the current proverb had it that an Italianate Englishman was an incarnate devil. The English conception of the horrors of Italian crime is illustrated by Nashe's narrative of the murder of Esdras by Cutwolf. The consummation of the murder at the moment when the wretch has consigned his soul to the devil has furnished the commentators with a striking parallel to Hamlet's refusal to kill Claudius while the king is at his prayers.

The execution of Cutwolf is the forceful climax of a long series of startling incidents. In Rome plagues, bandits, prison, accusation of murder and other hairbreadth escapes and escapades render life lively but insecure and, together with earlier experiences in Germany and Venice, put Jack into a frame of mind proper to harken to the discourse on the folly of traveling delivered to him by an exiled English nobleman. Jack loves England beyond any other land, and the

remarks upon Danes, Dutchmen, Italians and other foreigners which Nashe puts into his hero's mouth voice not only Nashe's own sentiments but those of the Elizabethans in general. They find frequent echo upon the stage. Nashe's admission that Italy is "the Paradise of the earth and the epicure's heaven" is quickly followed by a formidable list of the vices brought thence by the foreign visitor. Nevertheless he is not without an eye for the better qualities of the Italians and quite noteworthy is his appreciation of the practical charity of the Catholics in Rome. The passage in which this virtue is recorded is typical of the writer's interest in detail. Even though it be granted that the story contains no information about Italy that could not have been obtained from the talk of travelers, yet the allusions to Pilate's house, to the "church of the Sibyls," and to the "iemmes Piazza" (wherever that may have been), show that Nashe had at least an inkling of the æsthetic possibilities inherent in the use of "local color" and in this respect, as in his employment of historical material, he faintly foreshadows later developments in fiction.

Not only in the pages which chronicle the noisome, ferocious and perilous life of Renaissance Rome but throughout the book this in-

stinct for realistic detail is apparent. In his account of the tourney given by Surrey at Florence in honor of Geraldine Nashe, indeed, loses himself for a time and bids fair to tire any reader not interested in heraldic and chivalric antiquarianism. But generally the quality of his gift as a realist is not of so encyclopædic an order and he touches lightly on such varied subjects as bear-baiting and plague, drinking and dice-playing, fighting and scholastic debate. His pages abound in bits of quaint and curious information: the holiday-makers who go out from London to Islington to eat a mess of cream are hit off in a phrase; a chance allusion brings vividly before us the old wheel that used to turn under London Bridge; the bright colors and fantastic exaggerations of men's apparel are suggested with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur who (doubtless) could seldom afford to indulge his taste. The various passages of gruesome horror (which can be paralleled in other works by Nashe) are offset by other pages in which he exhibits a keen sense for beauty and especially by passages in which he pays glowing tributes to the art of poetry. He is ready on an instant to dart away from his story into any attractive digression; but he seldom strays too far and with an

easy apology—"My principal subject plucks me by the elbow"—he is back on the main course again. The multitude of allusions and digressions makes superficially for a chaotic impression; but beneath the apparent structural confusion there is a unity provided by Jack Wilton himself to whom each episode is connected.

Realism is often, though not necessarily, akin to satire; and it was as a satirist that Nashe was best known in his own day. At times it is not quite evident whether or not his purpose is satiric. Is there in the tale a suggestion of parody of the old wandering romances of chivalry? In the hints of autobiographical revelations is there any intent to parody such a story as Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*? In the numerous amusing bits of pseudo-scientific naturelore—the hare, the wolf, the eagle, the bearwhelps, the goat, the salamander; the strange case of the "toad-fish" who resorts to violent suicide to escape from his captors; the stranger case of the beaver whose method of escape is almost as drastic—is Nashe quite serious or is he having his fling at Lyly's *Euphues*? Whatever the answers to these questions, the satiric purpose of other passages is obvious and wholly amusing. Nashe expends his ridicule upon superstition and

credulity, and especially upon the pedants: "Gross plodders were they all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make use of it." His gift for burlesque portraiture may be seen in the descriptions of the boastful captain, the ink-horn orator, and the disputatious scholars. Quite as masterly (though this time without satiric intent) is the portrait of Aretino, the "Scourge of Princes." Jack Wilton himself is not completely characterized but he is certainly far more of an individual than such pallid creatures as Euphues or Philautus or any other hero who precedes him in English narrative prose. Diamante the courtesan is excellently presented; and the minute particularization of her figure is a valuable commentary upon the strange feminine fashion of grossly protruding stomachs which is shown us in paintings of the Flemish and Burgundian schools.

The language which Nashe had at his command was fresh, unworn, unpolished, racy and exuberant. The very rhetoric, turgid and blustering as it often is, reveals his delight in the use of his instrument. The burlesque and humorous exaggeration is suggestive of Rabelais; the violent but often telling metaphors, of Pietro Aretino; but there is no precise evidence that Nashe

was imitating either of these great models and it is quite likely that the resemblances are due to a similar temperament working in similar materials. The fresh, terse metaphors attain often to effects which we are accustomed to associate with poetry; but in Nashe's day the boundary line was as yet vague between the functions of poetry and the functions of "that other harmony of prose." The style is in general loose, gay, facile, bantering and colloquial; but it is capable of tremendous virility and directness, as in the terrible and unforgettable sentence: ("The ignorant snatch the kingdom of heaven to themselves with greediness, when we with all our learning sink to hell.")

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

BRYN MAWR, PA., *January*, 1926.

DEDICATION

*To the Right Honorable Lord Henry Wriothesley, Earl of
Southampton and Baron of Tichfield:*

INGENUOUS honorable Lord! I know not what blind custom methodical antiquity hath thrust upon us, to dedicate such books as we publish to one great man or other; in which respect, lest any man should challenge these my papers as goods uncustomed, and so extend upon them as forfeit to contempt, to the seal of your excellent censure, lo! here I present them to be seen and allowed. Prize them as low or as high as you list; if you set any price on them, I hold my labor well satisfied. Long have I desired to prove my wit unto you. My reverent dutiful thoughts, even from their infancy, have been retainers to your glory. Now at last I have enforced an opportunity to plead my devoted mind. All that in this fantastical treatise I can promise, is some reasonable conveyance of history, and variety of mirth. By divers of my good friends have I been dealt with to employ my dull pen in this kind, it being a clean different vein from other my former courses of writing. How well or ill I have done it, I am ignorant (the eye that sees round about itself sees not itself); only your Honor's applauding encouragement hath power to make me arrogant. Incomprehensible is the height of your spirit both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Unreprievably perisheth that book

whatsoever to waste paper, which on the diamond rock of your judgment disasterly chanceth to be shipwrecked. A dear lover and cherisher you are, as well of the lovers of poets, as of poets themselves. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe myself, though now and then I speak English; that small brain I have, to no further use I convert, save to be kind to my friends, and fatal to my enemies. A new brain, a new wit, a new style, a new soul I will get me, to canonize your name to posterity, if in this my first attempt I be not taxed of presumption. Of your gracious favor I despair not, for I am not altogether Fame's outcast. This handful of leaves I offer to your view, to the leaves on trees I compare, which, as they cannot grow of themselves except they have some branches or boughs to cleave to, and with whose juice and sap they be evermore recreated and nourished, so, except these unpolished leaves of mine have some branch of Nobility whereon to depend and cleave, and with the vigorous nutriment of whose authorized commendation they may be continually fostered and refreshed, never will they grow to the world's good liking, but forthwith fade and die on the first hour of their birth. Your Lordship is the large spreading branch of renown, from whence these my idle leaves seek to derive their whole nourishing: it resteth you either scornfully shake them off as wormeaten and worthless, or in pity preserve them and cherish them for some little summer fruit you hope to find amongst them.

Your Honor's in all humble service,

THO. NASHE.

THE INDUCTION TO THE DAPPER MONSIEUR PAGES OF THE COURT

GALLANT squires, have amongst you! At mumchance ¹ I mean not, for so I might chance to come to short commons; but at *novus, nova, novum*,² which is in English, "news of the maker." A proper fellow-page of yours, called Jack Wilton, by me commends him unto you, and hath bequeathed for waste paper here amongst you certain pages of his misfortunes. In any case, keep them precious as a *privy* token of his good will towards you. If there be some better than other, he craves you would honor them in their death so much, as to dry and kindle tobacco with them. For a need, he permits you to wrap velvet pantoufles in them also, so they be not woebegone at the heels, or weatherbeaten like a black head with gray hairs, or mangy at the toes, like an ape about the mouth. But as you love good fellowship and ames ace,³ rather turn them to stop mustard-pots, than the grocers should have one batch of them to wrap maize in: a strong hot spice it is, which above all things he hates. To any use about meat and drink, put them to and spare not, for they cannot do their country better service. Printers are mad whoresons: allow them some of them for napkins.

¹ A game of cards.

² *Novum*, a game of dice.

³ The lowest throw of the dice.

Just a little nearer to the matter and the purpose! *Memorandum*: every one of you after the perusing of this pamphlet is to provide him a case of poniards, that if you come in company with any man which shall dispraise it or speak against it, you may straight cry, "*Sic respondeo!*" and give him the stackado. It stands not with your honors, I assure ye, to have a gentleman and a page abused in his absence. Secondly, whereas you were wont to swear men on a pantoufle to be true to your puissant order, you shall swear them on nothing but this Chronicle of the King of Pages henceforward. Thirdly, it shall be lawful for any whatsoever, to play with false dice on the cover of this aforesaid Acts and Monuments. None of the fraternity of the minorites shall refuse it for a pawn in the times of famine and necessity. Every stationer's stall they pass by, whether by day or by night, they shall put off their hats to and make a low leg, in regard their Grand printed Capitano is there entombed. It shall be flat treason or any of this forementioned catalogue of the point-trussers, once to name him within forty foot of an alehouse, marry the tavern is honorable.

Many special, grave articles had I more to give you in charge, which your wisdoms, waiting together at the bottom of the great chamber stairs, or sitting in a porch (your parliament house), may better consider of than I can deliver; only let this suffice for a taste to the text, and a bit to pull on a good wit with, as a rasher on the coals is to pull on a cup of wine.

Hey, pass! Come aloft! Every man of you take your places, and hear *Jack Wilton* tell his own tale!

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER

CHAPTER ONE

In which young Wilton provides noble fare for the soldiery, at the expense of a noble merchant.

ABOUT that time that the terror of the world and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eighth (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Turnay and Terouenne, and had the Emperor and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton (a gentleman at least), was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging to or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cozened can testify. *Coelum petimus stultitia*: which of us all is not a sinner? Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story, that I followed the court or the camp,

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or the camp and the court, when Terouenne lost her maidenhead and opened her gates to more than Jane Tross did. There did I (soft! let me drink before I go any further) reign sole king of the pans and black jacks, prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant, and, to conclude, Lord High Regent of rashers of the coals and red herring cobs. *Paulo maiora canamus.*

Well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my years might enact? You will say it were sufficient if he slur a die,¹ pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minister the oath of the pantoufle artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of In grace and virtue to proceed. Oh, but *Aliquid latet quod non patet*; there's a further path I must trace: examples confirm. List, lordings, to my proceedings. Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London Bridge. In those quarters are many companies—much company, much knavery; as true as that old adage, “Much courtesy, much subtlety.” Those companies, like a great deal

¹ Cheat at dice.

of corn, do yield some chaff; the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse.

Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and by my troth, so I did! The prince could command men spend their blood in his service; I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends: though I was prince of their purses, and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any Kaiser in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right; want can not be withstood, men can do no more than they can do; what remained, then, but the fox's case must help, when the lion's skin is out at the elbows?

There was a lord in the camp; let him be a Lord of Misrule if you will, for he kept a plain alehouse without welt or guard of any ivy bush,¹ and sold cider and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at the very name of cider I can but sigh; there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays). Well, *tendit ad sidera virtus*: there's great virtue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of cider, and very good men have sold it,

¹ The sign of an inn.

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and at sea it is *aqua cœlestis*. But that's neither here nor there; if it had no other patron but this peer of quart pots to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great lord, this worthy lord, this noble lord, thought nō scorn (Lord have mercy upon us!) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this dainty liquor, and yet he was an old servitor, a cavalier of an ancient house, as might appear by the arms of his ancestors, drawn very amiably in chalk on the inside of his tent door.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damn with a lewd moneyless device. For, coming to him on a day, as he was counting his barrels and setting the price in chalk on the head of them, I did my duty very devoutly, and told his aley honor I had matters of some secrecy to impart to him, if it pleased him to grant me private audience.

“With me, young Wilton?” quod he. “Marry, and shalt! Bring us a pint of cider of fresh tap into the Three Cups here; wash the pot.”

So into a back room he led me, where after he had spit on his finger, and picked off two or three motes of his old moth-eaten velvet cap, and sponged and wrung all the rheumatic drivel from his ill-favored goat's-beard, he bade me de-

clare my mind, and thereupon he drank to me on the same. I up with a long circumstance, alias, a cunning shift of the seventeens, and discoursed unto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and lineage from whence he sprung, and partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poor soldiers. That, whereas the vastity of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he vouchsafed in his own person to be a victualler to the camp (a rare example of magnificence and honorable courtesy), and diligently provided that without far travel every man might for his money have cider and cheese his belly full; nor did he sell his cheese by the whey only, or his cider by the great, but abased himself by his own hands to take a shoemaker's knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally, like a true justiciary, in little pennyworths that it would do a man good to look upon. So likewise of his cider, the poor man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat as the rich man for his half-sous or his denier.

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"Not so much," quoth I, "but this tapster's linen apron which you wear to protect your apparel from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrays your lowly mind. I speak it with tears: too few such noble men have we, that will draw drink in linen aprons. Why, you are every child's fellow; any man that comes under the name of a soldier and a good fellow, you will sit and bear company to the last pot; yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of 'Mine host, here's to you!' as if one saluted you with all the titles of your barony. These considerations, I say, which the world suffers to slip by in the channel of forgetfulness, have moved me, in ardent zeal of your welfare, to forewarn you of some dangers that have beset you and your barrels."

At the name of *dangers* he start up, and bounced with his fist on the board so hard that his tapster, overhearing him, cried, "Anon, anon, sir! By and by!" and came in and made a low leg and asked him what he lacked. He was ready to have stricken his tapster for interrupting him in attention to this his so much desired relation, but for fear of displeasing me he moderated his fury, and only sending for the other fresh pint, willed him to look to the bar, and

come when he is called, "with a devil's name!" Well, at his earnest importunity, after I had moistened my lips to make my lie run glib to his journey's end, forward I went as followeth:

"It chanced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the King, with his lords and many chief leaders, sat in council. There, amongst sundry serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (no villains to these privy informers!) that you—even you that I now speak to, had— O, would I had no tongue to tell the rest; by this drink, it grieves me so I am not able to repeat it!"

Now was my drunken lord ready to hang himself for the end of the full point, and over my neck he throws himself very lubberly, and entreated me, as I was a proper young gentleman and ever looked for pleasure at his hands, soon to rid him out of this hell of suspense, and resolve him of the rest. Then fell he on his knees, wrung his hands, and I think, on my conscience, wept out all the cider that he had drunk in a week before, to move me to have pity on him; he rose and put his rusty ring on my finger, gave me his greasy purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make me his heir, and a

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thousand more favors, if I would expire the misery of his unspeakable tormenting uncertainty.

I, being by nature inclined to *Mercy* (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name), bade him harden his ears, and not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my breast turned outward, hear such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it and not die in the midst of it.

“Why,” quoth I, “myself, that am but a poor childish well-willer of yours, with the very thought that a man of your desert and state by a number of peasants and varlets should be so injuriously abused in hugger-mugger,¹ have wept all my urine upward. The wheel under our city bridge carries not so much water over the city, as my brain hath welled forth gushing streams of sorrow. I have wept so immoderately and lavishly that I thought verily my palate had been turned to Pissing Conduit in London. My eyes have been drunk, outrageously drunk, with giving but ordinary intercourse through their sea-circled islands to my distilling dreariment. What shall I say? That which malice hath said is the mere overthrow and murder of your days.

¹ In secret.

Change not your color; none can slander a clear conscience to itself; receive all your fraught of misfortune in at once.

"It is buzzed in the King's head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, and under pretence of getting a license to furnish the camp with cider and such-like provant, you have furnished the enemy, and in empty barrels sent letters of discovery and corn innumerable."

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixed itself with the white of his eye, and both were turned upwards, as if they had offered themselves a fair white for death to shoot at. The truth was, I was very loath mine host and I should part with dry lips, wherefore the best means that I could imagine to wake him out of his trance, was to cry loud in his ear, "Ho, host, what's to pay?" And in plain verity, it took expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had been scared with fire out of his sleep, and ran hastily to his tapster, and all to belabored him about the ears, for letting gentlemen call so long and not look in to them. Presently he remembered himself, and had like to fall into his memento again, but that I met him half ways and asked his lordship what he meant to slip his neck out

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of the collar so suddenly, and, being revived, strike his tapster so hastily.

"Oh," quoth he, "I am bought and sold for doing my country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of me, because my good deeds have brought me into such estimation with the commonalty. I see, I see, it is not for the lamb to live with the wolf."

"The world is well amended," thought I, "with your cidership; such another forty years' nap together as Epimenides had, would make you a perfect wise man."

"Answer me," quoth he, "my wise young Wilton, is it true that I am thus underhand dead and buried by these bad tongues?"

"Nay," quoth I, "you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much already; no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my well-meaning lips; they have but lately sucked milk, and shall they so suddenly change their food and seek after blood?"

"Oh, but," quoth he, "a man's friend is his friend (fill the other pint, tapster!); what said the King? Did he believe it when he heard it? I pray thee say; I swear by my nobility, none in the world shall be made privy that I received any light of this matter by thee."

"That firm affiance," quoth I, "had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far over the shoes, to pluck you out of the mire. Not to make many words (since you will needs know), the King says flatly, you are a miser and a snudge,¹ and he never hoped better of you."

"Nay, then," quoth he, "questionless some planet that loves not cider hath conspired against me."

"Moreover, which is worse, the King hath vowed to give Terouenne one hot breakfast only with the bungs that he will pluck out of your barrels. I cannot stay at this time to report each circumstance that passed, but the only counsel that my long cherished kind inclination can possibly contrive, is now in your old days to be liberal: such victuals or provisions as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poor soldiers; I would let them burst their bellies with cider and bathe in it, before I would run into my prince's ill opinion for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the beaver for his stones, he bites them off, and leaves them behind for him to gather up, whereby he lives quiet. If greedy hunters and hungry tale-tellers pursue you, it is for a little pelf that you have; cast it behind you,

¹ Skinflint.

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neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a farther inconvenience. Credit my advice; you shall find it prophetic—and thus have I discharged the part of a poor friend.”

With some few like phrases of ceremony, “Your Honor’s poor suppliant” and so forth, and “Farewell, my good youth, I thank thee and will remember thee,” we parted.

But the next day, I think we had a dole of cider: cider in bowls, in scuppets, in helmets; and to conclude, if a man would have filled his boots full, there he might have had it: provant thrust itself into poor soldiers’ pockets whether they would or no. We made five peals of shot into the town together of nothing but spigots and faucets of discarded empty barrels; every under-foot soldier had a distenanted tun, as Diogenes had his tub, to sleep in. I myself got as many confiscated tapsters’ aprons as made me a tent as big as any ordinary commander’s in the field.

But in conclusion, my well-beloved baron of double beer got him humbly on his mary-bones to the King, and complained he was old and stricken in years, and had never an heir to cast at a dog, wherefore if it might please his Majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allow him

some reasonable pension to live, he should be marvelously well pleased; as for wars, he was weary of them; yet as long as his Highness ventured his own person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his withered body a buckler to bear off any blow advanced against him.

The King, marveling at this alteration of his cider-merchant (for so he had often pleasantly termed him), with a little farther talk, bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipped for my holiday lie, though they made themselves merry with it many a winter's evening after. For all this, his good ass-headed honor, mine host, persevered in his former request to the King to accept his lands, and allow him a beadsmanry or out-brotherhood of brachet; which through his vehement instancy took effect, and the King jestingly said, since he would needs have it so, he would distraint one part of his land for impost of cider, which he was behind with.

This was one of my famous achievements, in-somuch as I never light upon the like famous fool, but I have done a thousand better jests, if they had been booked in order as they were begotten. It is pity posterity should be deprived of such precious records; and yet there is no remedy—and yet there is too, for when all fails,

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well fare a good memory. Gentle readers (look you be gentle, now since I have called you so), as freely as my knavery was mine own, it shall be yours to use in the way of honesty.

CHAPTER TWO

In which a villainous Captain is tricked with clever villainy.

EVEN in this expedition of Terouenne (for the King stood not long a-thrumming of buttons there) it happened me to fall in (I would it had fallen out otherwise for his sake) with an ugly mechanical captain. You must think in an army, where truncheons are in their state-house, it is a flat stab to name a captain without cap in hand. Well, suppose he was a captain, and had never a good cap of his own, but I was fain to lend him one of my lord's cast velvet caps, and a weather-beaten feather, wherewith he threatened his soldiers afar off, as Jupiter is said with the shaking of his hair to make heaven and earth to quake. Suppose out of the parings of a pair of false dice, I appareled both him and myself many a time and oft; and surely, not to slander the devil, if any man ever deserved the golden dice the king of the Parthians sent to Demetrius, it was I. I had the right vein of sucking up a die twixt the dints of my fingers; not a crevice in my

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hand but could swallow a quarter trey ¹ for a need. In the line of my life many a dead lift ² did there lurk, but it was nothing towards the maintenance of a family. This Monsieur Capitano ate up the cream of my earnings, and *Crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare*: any man is a fine fellow as long as he hath any money in his purse. That money is like the marigold, which opens and shuts with the sun: if Fortune smileth or one be in favor, it floweth; if the evening of age comes on, or he falls into disgrace, it fadeth and is not to be found. I was my craft's master though I was but young, and could as soon decline *Nominativo hic Asinus* as a greater clerk, wherefore I thought it not convenient my *soldado* should have my purse any longer for his drum to play upon, but I would give him Jack Drum's entertainment, and send him packing.

This was my plot: I knew a piece of service of intelligence which was presently to be done, that required a man with all his five senses to effect it, and would overthrow any fool that should undertake it. To this service did I animate and egg my foresaid costs and charges, alias, Señor Velvet-Cap, whose head was not encum-

¹ Shaved dice.

² Great effort.

bered with too much forecast; and coming to him in his cabin about dinner-time, where I found him very devoutly paring of his nails for want of other repast, I entertained him with this solemn oration:

“Captain, you perceive how near both of us are driven; the dice of late are grown as melancholy as a dog; high men and low men both prosper alike; langrets, fullams,¹ and all the whole fellowship of them will not afford a man his dinner. Some other means must be invented to prevent imminent extremity. My state, you are not ignorant, depends on trencher service; your advancement must be derived from the valor of your arm. In the delays of siege, desert hardly gets a day of hearing; ’tis gowns must direct and guns enact all the wars that is to be made against walls. Resteth no way for you to climb suddenly, but by doing some rare stratagem, the like not before heard of; and fitly at this time occasion is offered.

“There is a feat the King is desirous to have wrought on some great man of the enemy’s side. Marry, it requireth not so much resolution as discretion to bring it to pass; and yet resolution enough should be shown in it too, being so full

¹ Varieties of false dice.

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of hazardous jeopardy as it is. Hark, in your ear: thus it is—without more drumbling or pausing, if you will undertake it, and work it through stitch (as you may, ere the King hath determined which way to go about it), I warrant you are made while you live; you need not care which way your staff falls. If it prove not so, then cut off my head!”

Oh, my auditors, had you seen him, how he stretched out his limbs, scratched his scabbed elbows at this speech, how he set his cap over his eyebrows like a politician, and then folded his arms one in the other, as who would say, “Let the French beware, for they shall find me a devil!” If, I say, you had seen but half the action that he used, of shrugging up his shoulders, smiling scornfully, playing with his fingers on his buttons, and biting the lip, you would have laughed your face and your knees together.

The iron being hot, I thought to lay on load, for in any case I would not have his humor cool. As before I laid open unto him the brief sum of the service, so now I began to urge the honorableness of it, and what a rare thing it was to be a right politician; how much esteemed of Kings and Princes, and how many diverse of mean parentage have come to be monarchs by it. Then I

discoursed of the qualities and properties of him in every respect: how like the wolf he must draw the breath from a man long before he be seen; how like a hare he must sleep with his eyes open; how as the eagle in his flying casts dust in the eyes of crows and other fowls, for to blind them, so must he cast dust in the eyes of his enemies, delude their sight by one means or other, that they dive not into his subtleties; how he must be familiar with all and trust none; drink, carouse and lecher with him out of whom he hopes to wring any matter; swear and forswear rather than be suspected; and, in a word, have the art of dissembling at his fingers' ends, as perfect as any courtier.

"Perhaps," quoth I, "you may have some few greasy cavaliers that will seek to dissuade you from it, and they will not stick to stand on their three-halfpenny honor, swearing and stating that a man were better be a hangman than an intelligencer; and call him a sneaking eavesdropper, and a piperly pickthank. But you must not be discouraged by their talk, for the most part of these beggarly contemners of wit are huge burly-bond butchers like Ajax, good for nothing but to strike right-down blows on a wedge with a cleaving beetle, or stand hammering all day upon bars

of iron. The whelps of a bear never grow but sleeping, and these bearwards, having big limbs, shall be preferred though they do nothing. You have read stories," (I'll be sworn, he never looked in book in his life), "how many of the Roman worthies were there that have gone as spy-alls into their enemies' camp? Ulysses, Nestor, Diomed, went as spies together in the night into the tents of Rhesus, and intercepted Dolon, the spy of the Trojans. Never any discredited the trade of intelligencers but Judas, and he hanged himself. Danger will put wit into any man. Architas made a wooden dove to fly, by which proportion I see no reason that the veriest block in the world should despair of anything. Though nature be contrary inclined, it may be altered; yet usually those whom she denies her ordinary gifts in one thing, she doubles them in another. That which the ass wants in wit, he hath in honesty; who ever saw him kick or wince, or use any jade's tricks? Though he live a hundred years, you shall never hear that he breaks pasture.

"Amongst men, he that hath not a good wit, lightly hath a good iron memory; and he that hath neither of both, hath some bones to carry burdens. Blind men have better noses than other men; the bull's horns serve him as well as

hands to fight withal; the lion's paws are as good to him as a pole-ax to knock down any that resist him; the boar's tusks serve him in better stead than a sword and buckler; what need the snail care for eyes when he feels the way with his two horns, as well as if he were as quick-sighted as a decipherer? There is a fish that having no wings, supports herself in the air with her fins.

"Admit that you had neither wit nor capacity: as sure in my judgment there is none equal to you in idiotism; yet if you have simplicity and secrecy, serpents themselves will think you a serpent, for what serpent is there but hides his sting? And yet, whatsoever be wanting, a good plausible tongue in a man of employment can hardly be spared, which, as the forenamed serpent with his winding tail fetcheth in those that come near him, so with a ravishing tale it gathers all men's hearts unto him. Which if he have not, let him never look to engender by the mouth as ravens and doves do: that is, mount or be great by undermining.

"Sir, I am ascertained that all these imperfections I speak of in you have their natural resistance. I see in your face that you were born with the swallow to feed flying, to get much treasure

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and honor by travel. None so fit as you for so important an enterprise; our vulgar politicians are but flies swimming on the stream of subtlety superficially, in comparison of your singularity. Their blind narrow eyes cannot pierce into the profundity of hypocrisy; you alone with Palomed can pry into Ulysses' mad counterfeiting; you can discern Achilles from a chambermaid, though he be decked with his spindle and distaff. As Jove dining with Lycaon could not be beguiled with human flesh dressed like meat, so no human brain may go beyond you, none beguile you. You gull all; all fear you, love you, stoop to you. Therefore, good sir, be ruled by me: stoop your fortune so low, as to bequeath yourself wholly to this business."

[This silver-sounding tale made such sugared harmony in his ears, that with the sweet meditation, what a more than miraculous politician he should be, and what kingly promotion should come tumbling on him thereby, he could have found in his heart to have packed up his pipes and to have gone to heaven without a bait.] Yea, he was more inflamed and ravished with it than a young man called Taurimontanus was with the Phrygian melody, who was so incensed and fired therewith, that he would needs run presently

upon it, and set a courtesan's house on fire that had angered him.

No remedy there was, but I must help to furnish him with money. I did so—as who will not make his enemy a bridge of gold to fly by? Very earnestly he conjured me to make no man living privy to his departure, in regard of his place and charge; and on his honor assured me his return should be very short and successful. “Aye, aye, shorter by the neck,” thought I. “In the mean time, let this be thy posy: *I live in hope to 'scape the rope.*”

Gone he is; God send him good shipping to Wapping—and by this time, if you will, let him be a pitiful poor fellow, and undone forever. For mine own part, if he had been mine own brother, I could have done no more for him than I did; for straight after his back was turned, I went in all love and kindness to the Marshal-General of the field and certified him that such a man was lately fled to the enemy, and got his place begged for immediately. What became of him after you shall hear:

To the enemy he went and offered his service, railing egregiously against the King of England. He swore, as he was a gentleman and a soldier, he would be revenged on him; and let but the

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King of France follow his counsel, he would drive him from Terouenne walls yet ere three days to an end. All these were good humors, but the tragedy followeth. The French King, hearing of such a prating fellow that was come, desired to see him; but yet he feared treason, willing one of his minions to take upon him his person, and he would stand by as a private person while he was examined. Why should I use any idle delays? In was Captain Gog's-wounds brought. After he was thoroughly searched, not a louse in his doublet was let pass, but was asked *Qui va là*, and charged to stand in the King's name. The molds of his buttons they turned out, to see if they were not bullets covered over with thread; the cod-piece in his devil's-breeches (for they were then in fashion) they said plainly was a case for a pistol. If he had had ever a hobnail in his shoes it had hanged him, and he should never have known who had harmed him; but as luck was, he had no mite of any metal about him: he took part with none of the Four Ages, neither the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Brazen nor the Iron Age; only his purse was aged in emptiness, and I think verily a Puritan, for it kept itself from any pollution of crosses.¹

¹ Coins stamped with a cross.

Standing before the supposed King, he asked what he was, and wherefore he came? To which, in a glorious bragging humor he answered, that he was a gentleman, a captain-commander, a chief leader that came from the King of England upon discontentment. Questioned of the particular cause, he had not a word to bless himself with, yet fain he would have patched out a polt-foot tale, but God knows it had not one true leg to stand on.

Then he began to smell on the villain so ram-mishly, that none there but was ready to rend him in pieces; yet the Minion King kept in his choler, and propounded unto him further: what of the King of England's secrets (so advantageous) he was privy to, as might remove him from the siege of Terouenne in three days? He said, diverse, diverse matters, which asked longer conference; but in good honesty they were lies, which he had not yet stamped. Hereat the true King stepped forth and commanded to lay hand on the lozel, and that he should be tortured to confess the truth, for he was a spy and nothing else.

He no sooner saw the wheel and the torments set before him, but he cried out like a rascal, and said he was a poor captain in the English camp,

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suborned by one Jack Wilton, a nobleman's page, and no other, to come and kill the French King in a bravery and return, and that he had no other intention in the world.

This confession could not choose but move them all to laughter, in that he made it as light a matter to kill their King and come back, as to go to Islington and eat a mess of cream and come home again; nay, and besides he protested that he had no other intention, as if that were not enough to hang him.

Adam never fell till God made fools: all this could not keep his joints from ransacking on the wheel, for they vowed either to make him a confessor or a martyr with a trice. When still he sung all one song, they told the King he was a fool, and that some shrewd head had knavishly wrought on him, wherefore it should stand with his honor to whip him out of the camp and send him home. That persuasion took place, and soundly was he lashed out of their liberties, and sent home by a herald with this message: that so the King his master hoped to whip home all the English fools very shortly. Answer was returned, that that, shortly, was a long lie, and they were shrewd fools that should drive the Frenchman out of his kingdom and make him glad, with

Corinthian Dionysius, to play the schoolmaster.

The herald being dismissed, our afflicted intelligencer was called *coram nobis*; how he sped, judge you, but something he was adjudged too. The sparrow for his lechery liveth but a year; he for his treachery was turned on the toe, *plura doloꝝ prohibet*.

[Here let me triumph awhile, and ruminate a line or two on the excellence of my wit, but I will not breathe neither till I have disfraughted all my knavery.

CHAPTER THREE

Wilton displays endless invention in roguery, cuts a fine figure at Court, flees from the sweating-sickness and witnesses a bloody battle.

ANOTHER Switzer captain that was far gone for want of the wench, I led astray most notoriously, for he, being a monstrous unthrift of battleaxes (as one that cared not in his anger to bid fly out scuttles to five score of them), and a notable embowler of quart-pots, I came disguised unto him in the form of a half-crown wench, my gown and attire according to the custom then in request. I wis I had my curtsies in cue or in quart-pot rather, for they dived into the very entrails of the dust, and I simpered with my countenance like a porridge pot on the fire when it first begins to seethe. The sobriety of the circumstance is, that after he had courted me and all, and given me the earnest-penny of impiety (some six crowns at the least, for an antipast to iniquity), I feigned an impregnable excuse to be gone, and never came at him after.

Yet left I not here, but committed a little

more scutchery. A company of coystrel clerks (who were in band with Satan, and not of any soldier's collar nor hat-band), pinched a number of good minds to Godward of their provant. They would not let a dram of dead-pay¹ overslip them; they would not lend a groat of the week to come, to him that had spent his money before this week was done. They outfaced the greatest and most magnanimous servitors in their sincere and finigraphical clean shirts and cuffs. A louse (that was any gentleman's companion) they thought scorn of; their neer-bitten beards must, in a devil's name, be dewed every day with rose-water; hogs could have ne'er a hair on their backs for making them rubbing-brushes to rouse their crab-lice.

They would in no wise permit that the motes in the sunbeams should be full-mouthed beholders of their clean finified apparel; their shoes shined as bright as a slickstone; their hands troubled and fouled more water with washing than the camel doth that never drinks till the whole stream be troubled. Summarily, never any were so fantastical the one half as they.

My masters, you may conceive of me what you list, but I think confidently I was ordained God's

¹ Dead man's pay.

scourge from above for their dainty finicality. The hour of their punishment could no longer be prorogued, but vengeance must have at them, at all-a-ventures. So it was, that most of these above-named goose-quill braggadocios were mere cowards and cravens, and durst not so much as throw a pen-full of ink into the enemy's face, if proof were made; wherefore on the experience of their pusillanimity I thought to raise the foundation of my roguery.

What did I now, but one day make a false alarum in the quarter where they lay, to try how they would stand to their tackling, and with a pitiful outcry warned them to fly, for there was treason afoot: they were environed and beset. Upon the first watchword of Treason that was given, I think they betook them to their heels very stoutly, left their pen and inkhorns and paper behind them, for spoil resigned their desks, with the money that was in them, to the mercy of the vanquisher, and in fine, left me and my fellows (their fool-catchers) lords of the field. How we dealt with them, their disburdened desks can best tell; but this I am assured, we fared the better for it a fortnight of fasting days after.

I must not place a volume in the precincts of a pamphlet: sleep an hour or two, and dream that

Turnay and Terouenne is won, that the King is shipped again into England, and that I am close at hand meat at Windsor or at Hampton Court. What will you, in your indifferent opinions, allow me for my travail: no more seniory over the pages than I had before? Yes; whether you will part with so much probable friendly suppose or no, I'll have it in spite of your hearts. For your instruction and godly consolation, be informed that at the time I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer; I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop; my French doublet gelte in the belly as though (like a pig, ready to be spitted) all my guts had been plucked out; a pair of side-paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my long stock that sate close to my dock and smothered not a scab or lecherous hairy sinew on the calf of the leg, my rapier pendant like a round stick fastened in the tacklings for skippers the better to climb by, my cape-cloak of black cloth overspreading my back like a thorn-back or an elephant's ear that hangs on his shoulders like a country housewife's banskin,¹ which she thirls her spindle on; and in consummation of my curiosity, my hands without gloves, a-la-mode

¹ Apron.

French, and a black budge ¹ edging of a beard on the upper lip, and the like sable auglet of excrescences in the rising of the ankle of my chin. I was the first that brought in the order of passing into the Court, which I derived from the common word *qui passa*, and the herald's phrase of arms *passant*, thinking in sincerity, he was not a gentleman, nor his arms current, who was not first passed by the pages. If any 'prentice or other came into the Court that was not a gentleman, I thought it was an indignity to the pre-eminence of the Court to include such a one, and could not be salved except we gave him "arms passant," to make him a gentleman.

Besides, in Spain, none pass any far way but he must be examined what he is, and give three-pence for his pass.

In which regard it was considered of by the common table of the cupbearers, what a perilous thing it was to let any stranger or out-dweller approach so near the precincts of the Prince as the great chamber, without examining what he was, and giving him his pass. Whereupon we established the like order, but took no money of them as they did; only, for a sign that he had not passed our hands unexamined, we set

¹ Lambskin.

a red mark on their ears, and so let them walk as authentic.

I must not discover what ungodly dealing we had with the black jacks, or how oft I was crowned king of the drunkards with a court cup; let me quietly descend to the waning of my youthful days, and tell a little of the sweating sickness that made me in a cold sweat take my heels and run out of England.

This sweating sickness was a disease that a man might catch and never go to a hothouse. Many masters desire to have such servants as would work till they sweat again, but in those days he that sweat never wrought again. That scripture then was not thought so necessary, which says, "Earn thy living with the sweat of thy brows," for then they earned their dying with the sweat of their brows. It was enough if a fat man did but truss his points, to turn him over the perch. Mother Cornelia's tub, why, it was like hell: he that came into it never came out of it.

Cooks that stand continually basting their faces before the fire, were now all cashiered with this sweat into kitchen stuff; their hall fell into the King's hands for want of one of the trade to uphold it.

Felt makers and furriers, what the one with the hot steam of their wool new-taken out of the pan, and the other with the contagious heat of their slaughter budge and cony-skins, died more thick than of the pestilence. I have seen an old woman at that season, having three chins, wipe them all away, one after another, as they melted to water and left herself nothing of a mouth but an upper chap. Look how in May or the heat of summer we lay butter in water for fear it should melt away: so then were men fain to wet their clothes in water as dyers do, and hide themselves in wells from the heat of the sun.

Then happy was he that was an ass, for nothing will kill an ass but cold; and none died but with extreme heat. The fishes called sea-stars, that burn one another by excessive heat, were not so contagious as one man that had the sweat was to another. Masons paid nothing for hair to mix their lime, nor glovers to stuff their balls with, for then they had it for nothing; it dropped off men's heads and beards faster than any barber could shave it. Oh, if hair breeches had then been in fashion, what a fine world had it been for tailors; and so it was a fine world for tailors nevertheless, for he that could make a garment slightest and thinnest carried it away. Cutters,

I can tell you, then stood upon it to have their trade one of the twelve companies, for who was it then that would not have his doublet cut to the skin, and his shirt cut into it too, to make it more cold.

It was as much as a man's life was worth to name a frieze-jerkin; it was high treason for a fat gross man to come within five miles of the Court. I heard where they died up all in one family, and not a mother's child escaped, inso-much as they had but an Irish rug locked up in a press, and not laid upon any bed neither. If those that were sick of this malady slept on it, they never waked more. Physicians with their simples in this case waxed simple fellows, and knew not which way to bestir them.

Galen might go shoe the gander for any good he could do; his secretaries had so long called him divine that now he had lost all his virtue upon earth. Hippocrates might well help almanac-makers, but here he had not a word to say; a man might sooner catch the sweat with plodding over him to no end than cure the sweat with any of his impotent principles. Paracelsus with his spirit of the buttery and his spirits of minerals could not so much as say, "God amend him to the matter." *Plus erat in artifice quam*

arte: there was more infection in the physician himself, than his art could cure.

This mortality first began amongst old men; for they, taking a pride to have their breasts loose-basted with tedious beards, kept their houses so hot with their hairy excrements, that not so much but their very walls sweat out salt-peter with the smothering perplexity; nay, a number of them had marvelous hot breaths which, sticking in the briars of their bushy beards, could not choose but (as close air long imprisoned) engender corruption.

Wiser was our brother Banks of these latter days, who made his juggling horse a cut, for fear if at any time he should foist, the stink sticking in his thick bushy tail might be noisome to his auditors. Should I tell you how many pursuants with red noses, and sergeants with precious faces shrunk away in this sweat, you would not believe me. Even as the salamander with his very sight blasteth apples on the trees, so a pursuant or a sergeant at this present, with the very reflex of his fiery face was able to spoil a man afar off. In some places of the world there is no shadow of the sun; *diebus illis* if it had been so in England, the generation of Brute had died all and some.

To knit up this description in a purse-net, so fervent and scorching was the burning air which enclosed them, that the most blessed man then alive would have thought that God had done fairly by him, if he had turned him to a goat: for goats take breath not at the mouth or nose only, but at the ears also.

Take breath how they would, I vowed to tarry no longer among them. As at Terouenne I was a demi-soldier in jest, so now I became a martialist in earnest. Over sea with my implements I got me, where, hearing the King of France and the Switzers were together by the ears, I made towards them as fast as I could, thinking to thrust myself into that faction that was strongest.

It was my good luck or my ill (I know not which) to come just to the fighting of the battle, where I saw a wonderful spectacle of bloodshed on both sides: here unwieldy Switzers wallowing in their gore, like an ox in his dung; there the sprightly French sprawling and turning on the stained grass, like a roach new-taken out of the stream. All the ground was strewed as thick with battle-axes as the carpenter's yard with chips; the plain appeared like a quagmire, overspread as it was with trampled dead bodies.

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In one place you might behold a heap of dead murdered men, overwhelmed with a falling steed instead of a tombstone; in another place, a bundle of bodies fettered together in their own bowels; and as the tyrant Roman emperors used to tie condemned living caitiffs face to face to dead corpses, so were the half-living here mixed with squeezed carcasses long putrefied. Any man might give arms that was an actor in that battle, for there were more arms and legs scattered in the field that day, than will be gathered up till Doomsday. The French King himself in this conflict was much distressed, the brains of his own men sprinkled in his face; thrice was his courser slain under him, and thrice was he struck on the breast with a spear, but in the end, by the help of the Venetians, the Helvetians or Switzers were subdued, and he crowned a victor, a peace concluded, and the city of Milan surrendered unto him as a pledge of reconciliation.

CHAPTER FOUR

The tragical fate of John Leyden and the Anabaptists at Munster.

THAT war thus blown over and the several bands dissolved, like a crow that still follows aloof where there is carrion, I flew me over to Munster in Germany, which an Anabaptistical brother named John Leyden kept at that instant against the Emperor and the Duke of Saxony. Here I was in good hope to set up my staff for some reasonable time, deeming that no city would drive it to a siege except they were able to hold out; and prettily well had these Munsterians held out, for they kept the Emperor and the Duke of Saxony play for the space of a year, and longer would have done, but that Dame Famine came amongst them, whereupon they were forced by messengers to agree upon a day of fight, when according to their Anabaptistical error they might all be christened new in their own blood.

That day come, flourishing entered John Leyden the botcher into the field, with a scarf made

of lists like a bow-case, a cross on his breast like a thread bottom, a round twilted tailor's cushion buckled like a tankard-bearer's device to his shoulders for a target, the pike whereof was a pack-needle, a tough 'prentice's club for his spear, a great brewer's cowl on his back for a corselet, and on his head for a helmet a huge high shoe with the bottom turned upwards, embossed as full of hob-nails as ever it might stick. His men were all base handicrafts: as cobblers and curriers and tinkers, whereof some had bars of iron, some hatchets, some cowl-staves, some dung-forks, some spades, some mattocks, some wood-knives, some adzes for their weapons; he that was best provided had but a piece of rusty brown bill bravely fringed with cobwebs to fight for him. Perchance here and there you might see a fellow that had a canker-eaten skull on his head, which served him and his ancestors for a chamber-pot two hundred years, and another that had bent a couple of iron dripping-pans armor-wise, to fence his back and his belly, another that had thrust a pair of dry old boots as a breastplate before his belly of his doublet, because he would not be dangerously hurt, another, that had twilted all his truss full of counters, thinking if the enemy should take him, he would mistake

them for gold and so save his life for his money.

Very devout asses they were, for all they were so dunstically set forth, and such as thought they knew as much of God's mind as richer men. Why, inspiration was their ordinary familiar, and buzzed in their ears like a bee in a box every hour what news from heaven, hell, and the land of whipperginny! Displease them who durst, he should have his mittimus to damnation *ex tempore*. They would vaunt there was not a pea's difference between them and the Apostles: they were as poor as they, of as base trades as they, and no more inspired than they; and with God there is no respect of persons. Only herein may seem some little diversity to lurk, that Peter wore a sword, and they count it flat hellfire for any man to wear a dagger. Nay, so grounded and gravelled were they in this opinion, that now when they should come to battle, there's never a one of them would bring a blade (no, not an onion blade) about him to die for it.

It was not lawful, said they, for any man to draw the sword but the Magistrate; and in fidelity (which I had wellnigh forgot) Jack Leyden, their Magistrate, had the image or likeness of a piece of a rusty sword like a lusty lad at his side. Now I remember me, it was but a foil neither,

and he wore it to show that he should have the foil of his enemies—which might have been an oracle for his two-hand interpretation. *Quid plura?* His battle is pitched; by pitched I do not mean set in order; only as sailors pitch their apparel to make it storm-proof, so had most of them pitched their patched clothes to make them impierceable: a nearer way than to be at the charges of armor by half. And in another sort, he might be said to have pitched the field, for he had pitched, or rather set up his rest ¹ whether to fly if they were discomfited.

Peace, peace there in the belfry! Service begins; upon their knees before they join, false John Leyden and his fraternity very devoutly they pray, they howl, they expostulate with God to grant them victory; and use such unspeakable vehemence, a man would think them the only well-bent men under heaven. Wherein let me dilate a little more gravely than the nature of this history requires, or will be expected in so young a practitioner in divinity: that not those that intermissively cry, “Lord, open unto us! Lord, open unto us!” enter first into the Kingdom; that not the greatest professors have the greatest portion in grace; that all is not gold that

¹ Made up his mind.

glisters. When Christ said, "The kingdom of heaven must suffer violence," he meant not the violence of long-babbling prayers, nor the violence of tedious invective sermons without wit, but the violence of faith, the violence of good works, the violence of patient suffering. The ignorant snatch the kingdom of heaven to themselves with greediness, when we with all our learning sink into hell.

Where did Peter and John, in the third of the Acts, find the lame cripple but in the gate of the temple called beautiful, in the beautifullest gates of our temple. In the forefront of professors are many lame cripples, lame in life, lame in good works, lame in everything, yet will they always sit at the gates of the temple; none be more forward than they to enter into matters of reformation, yet none more behind to enter into the true Temple of the Lord by the gates of good life.

You may object that those which I speak against are more diligent in reading the scriptures, more careful to resort unto sermons, more sober in their looks, more modest in their attire, than any else. But I pray you, let me answer you, "Doth not Christ say, that before the Latter Day the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood"; whereof what may the

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meaning be, but that the glorious sun of the gospel shall be eclipsed with the dim cloud of dissimulation; that that which is the brightest planet of salvation shall be a means of error and darkness; and the moon shall be turned into blood: those that shine fairest, make the simplest show, seem most to favor religion, shall rend out the bowels of the Church, be turned into blood, and all this shall come to pass before the notable day of the Lord, whereof this age is the eve.

Let me use a more familiar example, since the heat of a great number hath outraged so excessively. Did not the Devil lead Christ to the pinnacle or highest place of the temple to tempt him? If he led Christ, he will lead a whole army of hypocrites to the top or highest part of the temple, the highest step of religion and holiness, to seduce them and subvert them. I say unto you that which this our tempted Savior with many other words besought his disciples: "Save yourselves from this froward generation. Verily, verily, the servant is not greater than his master." Verily, verily, sinful men are not holier than holy Jesus their maker. That holy Jesus again repeats this holy sentence, "Remember the words I said unto you: the servant is not holier nor greater than his master," as if he should say,

“Remember, then; imprint in your memory; your pride and singularity will make you forget them; the effects of them many years hence will come to pass.” “Whosoever will seek to save his soul shall lose it”: whosoever seeks by headlong means to enter into Heaven and disannul God’s ordinance, shall, with the giants that thought to scale heaven in contempt of Jupiter, be overwhelmed with Mount Ossa and Pelion, and dwell with the devil in eternal desolation.

Though the High Priest’s office was expired when Paul said unto one of them, “God rebuke thee, thou painted sepulchre!” yet when a stander-by reproved him, saying, “Revilest thou the High Priest?” he repented and asked forgiveness.

That which I suppose I do not grant, the lawfulness of the authority they oppose themselves against, is sufficiently proved. Far be it my under-age arguments should intrude themselves as a green weak prop to support so high a building: let it suffice, if you know Christ, you know his Father also; if you know Christianity, you know the Fathers of the Church also. But a great number of you, with Philip, have been long with Christ and have not known him; have long professed yourselves Christians and have not

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known his true ministers. You follow the French and Scottish fashion and faction, and in all points are like the Switzers, *qui quærunt, cum qua gente cadunt*: that seek with what nation they may first miscarry.

In the days of Nero there was an odd fellow that had found out an exquisite way to make glass as hammer-proof as gold. Shall I say that the like experiment he made upon glass, we have practiced upon the gospel? Aye, confidently will I: we have found out a sleight to hammer it to any heresy whatsoever. But those furnaces of falsehood and hammer-heads of heresy must be dissolved and broken as his was, or else, I fear me, the false glittering glass of innovation will be better esteemed of, than the ancient gold of the gospel.

The fault of faults is this, that your dead-born faith is begotten by too-too infant fathers. Cato, one of the wisest men in Roman histories canonised, was not born till his father was fourscore years old; none can be a perfect father of faith and beget men aright unto God, but those that are aged in experience, have many years imprinted in their mild conversation, and have with Zachæus sold all their possessions of vanities to enjoy the sweet fellowship, not of the human but spiritual Messias.

Ministers and pastors, sell away your sects and schisms to the decrepit churches in contention beyond sea; they have been so long inured to war, both about matters of religion and regiment, that now they have no peace of mind but in troubling all other men's peace. Because the poverty of their provinces will allow them no proportionable maintenance for higher callings of ecclesiastical magistrates, they would reduce us to the president of their rebellious persecuted beggary; much like the sect of philosophers called Cynics who, when they saw they were born to no lands or possessions nor had any possible means to support their estates, but they must live despised and in misery do what they could, they plotted and consulted with themselves how to make their poverty better esteemed of than rich dominion and sovereignty. The upshot of their plotting and consultation was this, that they would live to themselves, scorning the very breath or company of all men. They professed (according to the rate of their lands) voluntary poverty, thin fare and lying hard, contemning and inveighing against all those as brute beasts whatsoever whom the world had given any reputation for riches or prosperity. Diogenes was one of the first and foremost of the

ringleaders of this rusty morosity; and he, for all his nice dogged disposition, and blunt deriding of worldly dross, and the gross felicity of fools, was taken, notwithstanding, a little after, fairly a-coining money in his cell. So fares it up and down with our cynical reformed foreign churches; they will digest no grapes of great bishoprics forsooth, because they cannot tell how to come by them; they must shape their coats, good men, according to their cloth, and do as they may, not as they would; yet they must give us leave here in England, that are their honest neighbors, if we have more cloth than they, to make our garment somewhat larger.

What was the foundation or groundwork of this dismal declining of Munster, but the banishing of their Bishop, their confiscating and casting lots for church livings, as the soldiers cast lots for Christ's garments, and in short terms, their making the house of God a den of thieves? The house of God a number of hungry church-robbers in these days have made a den of thieves. Thieves spend loosely what they have gotten lightly; sacrilege is no sure inheritance; Dionysius was neer the richer for robbing of Jupiter of his golden coat: he was driven in the end to play the schoolmaster at Corinth. The name of re-

ligion, be it good or bad, that is ruined, God never suffers unrevenged; I'll say of it as Ovid said of eunuchs:

*Qui primus pueris genitalia membra recidit,
Vulnera quae fecit debuit ipse pati.*

Who first deprived young boys of their best part,
With selfsame wounds he gave he ought to smart.

So would he that first gelt religion or church-livings had been first gelt himself or never lived. Cardinal Wolsey is the man I aim at: *qui in suas pœnas ingeniosus erat*, first gave others a light to his own overthrow. How it prospered with him and his instruments that after wrought for themselves, chronicles largely report, though not apply; and some parcel of their punishment yet unpaid I do not doubt but will be required of their posterity.

To go forward with my story of the overthrow of that usurper John Leyden: he and all his army, as I said before, falling prostrate on their faces and fervently given over to prayer, determined never to cease or leave soliciting of God, till he had showed them from heaven some manifest miracle of success.

Note that it was a general received tradition

both with John Leyden and all the crew of Cnip-perdolings and Muncers, if God at any time at their vehement outcries and clamors did not condescend to their requests, to rail on him and curse him to his face, to dispute with him and argue him of injustice for not being so good as his word with them, and to urge his many promises in the scripture against him; so that they did not serve God simply, but that he should serve their turns; and after that tenure are many content to serve as bondmen to save the danger of hanging. But he that serves God aright, whose upright conscience hath for his mot, *Amor est mihi causa sequendi*, I serve because I love: he says, "*Ego te potius Domine quam tua dona sequar*: I'll rather follow thee, O Lord, for thine own sake, than for any covetous respect of that thou canst do for me."

Christ would have no followers but such as forsook all and follow him, such as forsake all their own desires, such as abandon all expectations of reward in this world, such as neglected and condemned their lives, their wives and children in comparison of him, and were content to take up their cross and follow him.

These Anabaptists had not yet forsook all and followed Christ. They had not forsook their

own desires of revenge and innovation; they had not abandoned their expectation of the spoil of their enemies. They regarded their lives, they looked after their wives and children, they took not up their crosses of humility and followed him; but would cross him, upbraid him, and set him at nought, if he assured not by some sign their prayers and supplications. *Deteriora sequuntur*, they followed God as daring him. God heard their prayers: *quod petitur pœna est*. It was their speedy punishment that they prayed for. Lo, according to the sum of their impudent supplications, a sign in the heavens appeared, the glorious sign of the rainbow, which agreed just with the sign of their ensign that was a rainbow likewise.

Whereupon, assuring themselves of victory: *miseri quod volunt, facile credunt*: that which wretches would have, they easily believe. With shouts and clamors they presently ran headlong on their well-deserved confusion.

Pitiful and lamentable was their unpitied and well-performed slaughter. To see even a bear (which is the most cruellest of all beasts) too-too bloodily overmatched, and deformedly rent in pieces by an unconscionable number of curs, it would move compassion against kind, and make

those that (beholding him at the stake, yet uncoped with) wished him a suitable death to his ugly shape, now to recall their hard-hearted wishes and moan him, suffering as a mild beast in comparison of the foul-mouthed mastiffs, his butchers—even such compassion did those over-matched ungracious Munsterians obtain of many indifferent eyes, who now thought them, suffering, to be sheep brought innocent to the shambles, when as before they deemed them as a number of wolves up in arms against the shepherds.

The Imperials themselves, that were their executioners (like a father that weeps when he beats his child, yet still weeps and still beats), not without much ruth and sorrow prosecuted that lamentable massacre. Yet, drums and trumpets sounding nothing but stern revenge in their ears made them so eager that their hands had no leisure to ask counsel of their effeminate eyes. Their swords, their pikes, their bills, their bows, their calievers slew, empierced, knocked down, shot through and overthrew as many men every minute of the battle as there falls ears of corn before the scythe at one blow; yet all their weapons so slaying, empiercing, knocking down, shooting through, overthrowing, dissol-joined not

half so many as the hailing thunder of the great ordinance. So ordinary at every footstep was the imbruement of iron in blood, that one could hardly discern heads from bullets, or clotted hair from mangled flesh hung with gore.

This tale must at one time or other give up the ghost, and as good now as stay longer, I would gladly rid my hands of it cleanly, if I could tell how, for what with talking of cobblers, tinkers, rope-makers, botchers and dirt-daubers, the mark is clean out of my Muse's mouth, and I am as it were more than duncified twixt divinity and poetry. What is there more, as touching this tragedy, that you would be resolved of? Say quickly, for now is my pen on foot again. How John Leyden died, is that it? He died like a dog; he was hanged and the halter paid for. For his companions, do they trouble you? I can tell you they troubled some men before, for they were all killed and none escaped; no, not so much as one, to tell the tale of the rainbow. Hear what it is to be Anabaptists, to be Puritans, to be villains: you may be counted illuminate botchers for a while, but your end will be, "Good people, pray for us!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Wilton hears the Earl of Surrey's love-story, sets out for Italy and meets Sir Thomas More and Erasmus.

WITH the tragical catastrophe of this Munsterian conflict did I cashier the new vocation of my cavaliership. There was no more honorable wars in Christendom then towards, wherefore after I had learned to be half an hour in bidding a man *bon jour* in German synonyms, I traveled along the country towards England as fast as I could.

What with wagons and bare ten toes having attained to Middleborough (good Lord, see the changing chances of us knights-errant infants!), I met with the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, my late master. Jesu, I was persuaded I should not be more glad to see heaven than I was to see him! Oh, it was a right noble lord, liberality itself (if in this iron age there were any such creature as liberality left on the earth), a prince in content because a poet without a peer.

✓ Destiny never defames herself but when she lets an excellent poet die. If there be any spark

of Adam's paradized perfection yet embered up in the breasts of mortal men, certainly God hath bestowed that, his perfectest image, on poets. None come so near to God in wit, none more condemn the world, *vatis avarus non temere est animus*, saith Horace, *versus amat, hoc studet unum*: seldom have you seen any poet possessed with avarice; only verses he loves, nothing else he delights in; and as they condemn the world, so, contrarily, of the mechanical world are none more condemned. Despised they are of the world, because they are not of the world; their thoughts are exalted above the world of ignorance and all earthly conceits.

As sweet angelical choristers, they are continually conversant in the heaven of arts. Heaven itself is but the highest height of knowledge; he that knows himself and all things else, knows the means to be happy; happy, thrice happy are they whom God hath doubled his spirit upon and given a double soul unto, to be poets.

My heroical master exceeded in this supernatural kind of wit; he entertained no gross earthly spirit of avarice, nor weak womanly spirit of pusillanimity and fear, that are fained to be of the water, but admirable, airy, and fiery spirits, full of freedom, magnanimity and bounti-

hood. Let me not speak any more of his accomplishments, for fear I spend all my spirits in praising him and leave myself no vigor of wit or effects of a soul to go forward with my history.

Having thus met him I so much adored, no interpleading was there of opposite occasions, but back I must return and bear half-stakes with him in the lottery of travel. I was not altogether unwilling to walk along with such a good purse-bearer; yet, musing what changeable humor had so suddenly seduced him from his native soil to seek out needless perils in those parts beyond sea, one night very boldly, I demanded of him the reason that moved him thereto.

"Ah," quoth he, "my little page, full little canst thou perceive how far metamorphosed I am from myself since I last saw thee. There is a little god called Love, that will not be worshipped of any leaden brains, one that proclaims himself sole King and Emperor of piercing eyes, and chief Sovereign of soft hearts. He it is that, exercising his Empire in my eyes, hath exorcised and clean conjured me from my content.

"Thou knowest stately Geraldine, too stately, I fear, for me to do homage to her statue or shrine. She it is that is come out of Italy to bewitch all the wise men of England. Upon Queen

Katherine Dowager she waits, that hath a dowry of beauty sufficient to make her wooed of the greatest kings in Christendom. Her high exalted sunbeams have set the Phoenix-nest of my breast on fire, and I myself have brought Arabian spices of sweet passions and praises, to furnish out the funeral flame of my folly. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sinking down into the soft bottom of an high-built bed of roses, never died so sweet a death as I should die, if her rose-colored disdain were my deathsman.

“Oh, thrice-Imperial Hampton Court, Cupid’s enchanted castle, the place where I first saw the perfect omnipotence of the Almighty expressed in mortality, ’tis thou alone that, tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant situation, affordest me nothing but an excellent-begotten sorrow out of the chief treasury of all thy recreations!

“Dear Wilton, understand that there it was where I first set eye on my more than celestial Geraldine. Seeing her, I admired her; all the whole receptacle of my sight was unhabited with her rare worth. Long suit and uncessant protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did never unloving servant so prenticelike obey his never pleased mistress as I did her. My life, my

wealth, my friends, had all their destiny depending on her command.

“Upon a time I was determined to travel, the fame of Italy and an especial affection I had unto poetry, my second mistress, for which Italy was so famous, had wholly ravished me into it. There was no dehortment from it, but needs thither I would; wherefore coming to my mistress as she was walking with other ladies of estate in Paradise at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of favor, that she would give me so much gracious leave to absent myself from her service, as to travel a year or two into Italy.

“She very discreetly answered me, that if my love were so hot as I had often avouched, I did very well to apply the plaster of absence unto it, for absence, as they say, causeth forgetfulness: ‘yet nevertheless, since it is Italy my native country you are so desirous to see, I am the more willing to make my will yours. *I pete Italiam*, go and seek Italy with Æneas, but be more true than Æneas; I hope that kind, wit-cherishing climate will work no change in so witty a breast. No country of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee in any new love against me. One charge I will give thee, and let it be rather a request than a charge: When thou comest to Florence

(the fair city from whence I fetched the pride of my birth), by an open challenge defend my beauty against all comers.

“ ‘Thou hast that admirable carriage in arms, that it shall be no discredit for me to bequeath all the glory of my beauty to thy well-governed arm. Fain would I be known where I was born; fain would I have thee known where Fame sits in her chiefest theatre. Farewell; forget me not; continued deserts will eternize me unto thee; thy wishes shall be expired when thy travel shall be once ended.’

“Here did tears step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kind-conceived speech, even as wind is allayed with rain. With heart-scalding sighs I confirmed her parting request, and vowed myself hers while living heat allowed me to be mine own. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*: here hence proceedeth the whole cause of my peregrination.”

Not a little was I delighted with this unexpected love story, especially from a mouth out of which was nought wont to march but stern precepts of gravity and modesty. I swear unto you, I thought his company the better by a thousand crowns, because he had discarded those nice terms of chastity and continency. Now I be-

sech God love me so well as I love a plain-dealing man. Earth is earth, flesh is flesh; earth will to earth, and flesh unto flesh. Frail earth, frail flesh, who can keep you from the work of your creation?

Dismissing this fruitless annotation *pro et contra*, towards Venice we progressed, and took Rotterdam in our way, that was clean out of our way. There we met with aged learning's chief ornament, that abundant and superingenious clerk Erasmus, as also with merry Sir Thomas More our countryman, who was come purposely over a little before us, to visit the said grave father Erasmus. What talk, what conference we had then, it were here superfluous to rehearse; but this I can assure you, Erasmus in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of princes in preferring of parasites and fools, that he decreed with himself to swim with the stream, and write a book forthwith in commendation of folly. Quick-witted Sir Thomas More travelled in a clean contrary province; for he, seeing most commonwealths corrupted by ill custom, and that principalities were nothing but great piracies which, gotten by violence and murder, were maintained by private undermining and bloodshed; that in the chiefest flourishing

kingdoms there was no equal or well-divided weal one with another, but a manifest conspiracy of rich men against poor men, procuring their own unlawful commodities under the name and interest of the commonwealth. He concluded with himself to lay down a perfect plot of a commonwealth or government, which he would entitle his *Utopia*.

So left we them to prosecute their discontented studies, and make our next journey to Wittenberg.

CHAPTER SIX

*How the Duke of Saxony was entertained at Wittenberg,
and how the magician Agrippa performs his miracles.*

AT the very point of our entrance into Wittenberg, we were spectators of a very solemn scholastical entertainment of the Duke of Saxony thither. Whom, because he was the chief patron of their university, and had took Luther's part in banishing the Mass and all like Papal jurisdiction out of their town, they crouched unto extremely. The chief ceremonies of their entertainment were these: first, the heads of their University (they were great heads, of certainty) met them in their hooded hypocrisy and doctorly accoutrements, *secundum formam statuti*, where by the orator of the University, whose pickerdevant ¹ was very plentifully besprinkled with rose-water, a very learned or rather ruthless oration was delivered (for it rained all the while), signifying thus much, that it was all by patch and by piecemeal stolen out of Tully, and he must pardon them, though in emptying their phrase-

¹ Peaked beard.

books the world emptied his entrails, for they did it not in any ostentation of wit (which God knows they had not), but to show the extraordinary good will they bare the Duke (to have him stand in the rain till he was through wet). A thousand *quemadmodums* and *quapropters* he came over him with; every sentence he concluded with *esse posse videatur*; through all the Nine Worthies he ran with praising and comparing him; Nestor's years he assured him of, under the broad seal of their supplications, and with that crow-trodden verse in Virgil, *dum juga montis aper*, he packed up his pipes and cried *dixi*.

That pageant overpassed, there rushed upon him a miserable rabblement of junior graduates, that all cried upon him mightily in their gibberish like a company of beggars, "God save your Grace! God save your Grace! Jesus preserve your Highness! (though it be but for an hour)." Some three halfpennyworth of Latin here also had he thrown at his face; but it was choice stuff, I can tell you, as there is a choice even amongst rags gathered up from the dunghill. At the town's end met him the burghers and dunstical incorporationers of Wittenberg in their distinguished liveries—their distinguished livery faces I mean, for they were most of them

hot-livered drunkards, and had all the coat-colors of sanguine, purple, crimson, copper, carnation, that were to be had, in their countenances. Filthy knaves, no cost had they bestowed upon the town for his welcome, saving new-painted their houghs and bousing houses, which commonly are fairer than their churches; and over their gates set the town arms carousing a whole health to the Duke's arms, which sounded gulping after this sort: "Vanhotten, slotten, irk bloshen glotten gelderslike." Whatever the words were, the sense was this: "Good drink is a medicine for all diseases."

A bursten-belly inkhorn orator called Vanderhulk they picked out to present him with an oration, one that had a sulphurous big swollen large face, like a Saracen, eyes like two Kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide every time he spake, as one of those old knit trap-doors, a beard as though it had been made of a bird's nest plucked in pieces, which consisteth of straw, hair and dirt mixed together. He was apparelled in black leather new lacquered, and a short gown without any gathering in the back, faced before and behind with a boisterous bear-skin, and a red nightcap on his head. To this purport and effect was this broaching double-beer oration:

“Right noble Duke (*ideo nobilis quasi nobilis*), for you have no bile or choler in you, know that our present incorporation of Wittenberg, by me the tongue-man of their thankfulness, a townsman by birth, a free German by nature, an orator by art and a scrivener by education, in all obedience and chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Wittenberg. Welcome said I; O orificial rhetoric, wipe thy everlasting mouth, and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that, for the brave princely blood of a Saxon. Oratory, uncask the bard hutch of thy compliments, and with the triumphantest trope in thy treasury do trueage unto him. What impotent speech with his eight parts may not specify this unestimable gift holding his peace, shall as it were (with tears I speak it) do whereby as it may seem or appear, to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminutive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimity and indignity. Why should I go gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amphibologies? Wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I have, I here, according to the premises, offer up unto you the city’s general good will, which is a gilded can, in manner and form following, for you and the heirs of your

body lawfully begotten, to drink healths in. The scholastical squitter-books clout you up canopies and foot-cloths of verses. We, that are good fellows, and live as merry as cup and can, will not verse upon you as they do, but must do as we can, and entertain you, if it be but with a plain empty can. He hath learning enough, that hath learned to drink to his first man.

“Gentle Duke, without paradox be it spoken, thy horses at our own proper costs and charges shall knead up to the knees all the while thou art here in spruce beer and Lubeck liquor. Not a dog thou bringest with thee but shall be banqueted with Rhenish wine and sturgeon. On our shoulders we wear no lambskin or miniver like these academics, yet we can drink to the confusion of thy enemies. Good lambswool ¹ have we for their lambskins, and for their miniver, large minerals in our coffers. Mechanical men they call us, and not amiss, for most of us being *mæchi*, that is, cuckolds and whoremasters, fetch our antiquity from the temple of Mecca, where Mahomet was hung up. Three parts of the world: America, Africa and Asia, are of this our mechanic religion. Nero, when he cried, “*O quantus artifex pereo,*” professed himself of our

¹ Spiced ale.

freedom. Insomuch as *artifex* is a citizen or craftsman, as well as *carnifex* a scholar or hangman. Pass on by leave into the precincts of our abomination. Bonnie Duke, frolic in our bower, and persuade thyself, that even as garlic hath three properties: to make a man wink, drink, and stink, so we will wink on thy imperfections, drink to thy favorites, and all thy foes shall stink before us. So be it. Farewell."

The Duke laughed not a little at this ridiculous oration; but that very night as great an ironical occasion was ministered, for he was bidden to one of the chief schools to a comedy handled by scholars. *Acolastus the Prodigal Child* was the name of it, which was so filthily acted, so leathernly set forth, as would have moved laughter in Heraclitus. One, as if he had been planing a clay floor, trampingly trode the stage so hard with his feet, that I thought verily he had resolved to do the carpenter that set it up some utter shame. Another flung his arms like cudgels at a pear tree, insomuch as it was mightily dreaded that he would strike the candles that hung above their heads out of their sockets and leave them all dark. Another did nothing but wink and make faces. There was a parasite, and he with clapping his hands and thripping his

fingers seemed to dance an antic to and fro. The only thing they did well was the prodigal child's hunger, most of their scholars being hungerly kept; and surely you would have said they had been brought up in hogs' academy to learn to eat acorns, if you had seen how sedulously they fell to them. Not a jest had they, to keep their auditors from sleeping, but of swill and draught; yes, now and then the servant put his hand into the dish before his master and almost choked himself, eating slovenly and ravenously to cause sport.

The next day they had solemn disputations, where Luther and Carolostadius scolded level coil.¹ A mass of words I wot well they heaped up against the Mass and the Pope, but farther particulars of their disputations I remember not. I thought verily they would have worried one another with words, they were so earnest and vehement. Luther had the louder voice; Carolostadius went beyond him in beating and bouncing with his fists, *quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*. They uttered nothing to make a man laugh; therefore I will leave them. Marry, their outward gestures would now and then afford a man a morsel of mirth; of those two I mean not so much, as

¹ The French game of *léve cul*.

of all the other train of opponents and respondents. One pecked like a crane with his forefinger at every half-syllable he brought forth, and nodded with his nose like an old singing man teaching a young chorister to keep time. Another would be sure to wipe his mouth with his handkerchief at the end of every full point, and ever when he thought he had cast a figure so curiously, as he dived over head and ears into his auditors' admiration, he would take occasion to stroke up his hair, and twine up his moustachios twice or thrice over, while they might have leisure to applaud him. A third wavered and waggled his head like a proud horse playing with his bridle, or as I have seen some fantastical swimmer at every stroke train his chin sidelong over his left shoulder. A fourth sweat and foamed at the mouth, for very anger his adversary had denied that part of the syllogism which he was not prepared to answer. A fifth spread his arms like an usher that goes before to make room, and thripped with his finger and his thumb when he thought he had tickled it with a conclusion. A sixth hung down his countenance like a sheep, and stuttered and slavered very pitifully when his invention was stepped aside out of the way. A seventh gasped for wind, and

groaned in his pronunciation as if he were hard bound with some bad argument.

Gross plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make use of it. They imagined the Duke took the greatest pleasure and contentment under heaven to hear them speak Latin, and as long as they talked nothing but Tully he was bound to attend them. A most vain thing it is in many universities at this day, that they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases, but whole pages, out of Tully. If of a number of shreds of his sentences he can shape an oration, from all the world he carries it away, although in truth it be no more than a fool's coat of many colors. No invention or matter have they of their own, but tack up a style of his stale gallimaufries. The leaden-headed Germans first began this, and we Englishmen have surfeited of their absurd imitation. I pity Nizolius that had nothing to do but pick threads' ends out of an old overworn garment.

This is but by the way; we must look back to our disputants. One amongst the rest, thinking to be more conceited than his fellows, seeing the Duke have a dog he loved well, which sate by him on the terrace, converted all his oration to him, and not a hair of his tail but he combed out with

comparisons; so to have courted him if he were a bitch had been very suspicious. Another commented and descanted on the Duke's staff, new-tipping it with many quaint epithets. Some cast his nativity, and promised him he should not die until the Day of Judgment. Omitting further superfluities of this stamp, in the general assembly we found intermixed that abundant scholar Cornelius Agrippa. At that time he bare the fame to the greatest conjurer in Christendom. Scoto, that did the juggling tricks before the Queen, never came near him one quarter in magic reputation. The Doctors of Wittenberg, doting on the rumor that went of him, desired him before the Duke and them to do something extraordinary memorable.

One requested to see pleasant Plautus, and that he would show them in what habit he went, and with what countenance he looked when he ground corn in the mill. Another had half-a-month's mind to Ovid and his hook nose. Erasmus, who was not wanting in that honorable meeting, requested to see Tully in that same grace and majesty he pleaded his oration *Pro Ruscio Amerino*. Affirming that till in person he beheld his importunity of pleading, he would in no wise be persuaded that any man could

carry away a manifest case with rhetoric so strangely. To Erasmus' petition he easily condescended, and willing the Doctors at such an hour to hold their convocation, and every one to keep him in his place without moving. At the time prefixed, in entered Tully, ascended his pleading place, and declaimed verbatim the fore-named oration, but with such astonishing amazement, with such fervent exaltation of spirit, with such soul-stirring gestures, that all his auditors were ready to instal his guilty client for a god.

Great was the concourse of glory Agrippa drew to him with this one feat. And indeed he was so cloyed with men which came to behold him, that he was fain sooner than he would, to return to the Emperor's court from whence he came, and leave Wittenberg before he would. With him we traveled along, having purchased his acquaintance a little before. By the way as we went, my master and I agreed to change names. It was concluded betwixt us, that I should be the Earl of Surrey and he my man, only because in his own person, which he would not have reproached, he meant to take more liberty of behavior. As for my carriage, he knew he was to tune it at a key, either high or low, as he list.

To the Emperor's court we came, where our entertainment was every way plentiful. Carouses we had in whole gallons instead of quart pots. Not a health was given us but contained well near a hogshead. The customs of the country we were eager to be instructed in, but nothing we could learn but this, that ever at the Emperor's coronation there is an ox roasted with a stag in the belly, and that stag in his belly hath a kid, and that kid is stuffed full of birds. Some courtiers, to weary out time, would tell us further tales of Cornelius Agrippa, and how when Sir Thomas More our countryman was there, he showed him the whole destruction of Troy in a dream. How the Lord Cromwell, being the King's ambassador there, in like case in a perspective glass he set before his eyes King Henry the Eighth with all his lords on hunting in his forest at Windsor; and when he came into his study, and was very urgent to be partaker of some rare experiment that he might report when he came to England, he willed him amongst two thousand great books to take down which he list, and begin to read one line in any place, and without book he would rehearse twenty leaves following. Cromwell did so, and in many books tried

him, when in everything he exceeded his promise and conquered his expectation.

To Charles the Fifth, then Emperor, they reported how he showed the Nine Worthies, David, Solomon, Gideon and the rest, in that similitude and likeness that they lived upon earth. My master and I, having by the highway gotten some reasonable familiarity with him, upon this access of miracles imputed to him, resolved to request him something in our own behalfs. I, because I was his suborned lord and master, desired him to see the lively image of Geraldine his love in the glass, and what at that instant she did, and with whom she was talking. He showed her us without any more ado, sick, weeping on her bed, and resolved all into devout religion for the absence of her lord. At the sight thereof he could in no wise refrain, though he had took upon him the condition of a servant, but he must forthwith frame this extemporal ditty:

*All soul, no earthly flesh, why dost thou fade?
All good, no worthless dross, why lookst thou pale?
Sickness, how dar'st thou one so fair invade?
To base infirmity to work her bale.*

*Heaven be distempered since she grievèd pines;
Never be dry, these my sad plaintive lines.*

*Perch thou, my spirit, on her silver breasts,
 And with their pain redoubled music beatings,
 Let them toss thee to world where all toil rests,
 Where bliss is subject to no fear's defeatings;
 Her praise I tune, whose tongue doth tune the spheres,
 And gets new Muses in her hearers' ears.*

*Stars fall to fetch fresh light from her rich eyes,
 Her bright brow drives the sun to clouds beneath,
 Her hair's reflex with red streaks paints the skies,
 Sweet morn and evening dew flows from her breath;
 Phæbe rules tides; she my tears' tides forth draws;
 In her sick bed Love sits and maketh laws.*

*Her dainty limbs tinsel her silk soft sheets,
 Her rose-crowned cheeks eclipse my dazzled sight;
 O glass, with too much joy my thoughts thou greets,
 And yet thou showest me day but by twilight.
 I'll kiss thee for the kindness I have felt:
 Her lips one kiss would unto Nectar melt.*

CHAPTER SEVEN

Plot and counterplot at Venice.

THOUGH the Emperor's court, and the extraordinary edifying company of Cornelius Agrippa might have been arguments of weight to have arrested us a little longer there, yet Italy still stuck as a great mote in my master's eye; he thought he had traveled no farther than Wales, till he had took survey of that country which was such a curious molder of wits.

To cut off blind ambages by the highway side, we made a long stride and got to Venice in short time, where, having scarce looked about us, a precious supernatural pander, apparelled in all points like a gentleman and having half a dozen several languages in his purse, entertained us in our own tongue very paraphrastically and eloquently; and maugre all other pretended acquaintance, would have us in a violent kind of courtesy to be the guests of his appointment. His name was Petro de Campo Frego, a notable practitioner in the policy of bawdry. The place

whither he brought us was a pernicious courtesan's house named Tabitha the Temptress, a wench that could set as civil a face on it as chastity's first martyr Lucretia. What will you conceit to be in any saint's house that was there to seek? Books, pictures, beads, crucifixes—why, there was a haberdasher's shop of them in every chamber. I warrant you should not see one set of her neckercher perverted or turned awry, not a piece of a hair displaced. On her beds there was not a wrinkle of any wallowing to be found; her pillows bare out as smooth as a groaning wife's belly; and yet she was a Turk and an infidel, and had more doings than all her neighbors besides.

Us, for our money, they used like emperors. I was master, as you heard before, and my master the Earl was but as my chief man whom I made my companion. So it happened (as iniquity will out at one time or other) that she, perceiving that my expense had no more vents than it should have, fell in with my supposed servant my man, and gave him half a promise of marriage if he would help to make me away, that she and he might enjoy the jewels and wealth that I had.

The indifficulty of the condition thus she explained unto him: her house stood upon vaults,

which in two hundred years together were never searched; who came to her house none took notice of; his fellow-servants that knew of his master's abode there should be all dispatched by him as from his master, into sundry parts of the city about business, and when they returned, answer should be made that he lay not there any more, but had removed to Padua since their departure, and thither they must follow him.

"Now," quoth she, "if you be disposed to make him away in their absence, you shall have my house at command. Stab, poison or shoot him through with a pistol, all is one; into the vault he shall be thrown when the deed is done."

On my bare honesty it was a crafty quean, for she had enacted with herself, if he had been my legitimate servant, as he was one that served and supplied my necessities, when he had murdered me, to have accused him of the murder, and made all that I had hers (as I carried all my master's wealth, money, jewels, rings or bills of exchange, continually about me). He very subtly consented to her stratagem at the first motion; kill me he would, that heavens could not withstand; and a pistol was the predestinate engine which must deliver the parting blow. God wot, I was a raw young squire, and my master dealt Judasly with

me, for he told me but everything that she and he agreed of. Wherefore I could not possibly prevent it, but as a man would say, avoid it. The execution day aspired to his utmost devotion; into my chamber came my honorable attendant with his pistol charged by his side, very suspiciously and suddenly; Lady Tabitha and Petro de Campo Frego her pander followed him at the hard heels.

At their entrance I saluted them all very familiarly and merrily, and began to impart unto them what disquiet dreams had disturbed me the last night. "I dreamed," quoth I, "that my man Brunquell here (for no better name got he of me) came into my chamber with a pistol charged under his arm to kill me, and that he was suborned by you, Mistress Tabitha, and my very good friend Petro de Campo Frego. God send it turn to good, for it hath affrighted me above measure."

As they were ready to enter into a colorable commonplace of the deceitful frivolousness of dreams, my trusty servant Brunquell stood quivering and quaking every joint of him, and, as it was before compacted between us, let his pistol drop from him on the sudden; wherewith I started out of my bed and drew my rapier, and

cried, "Murder, murder!" which made good wife Tabitha ready to bepiss her.

My servant, or my master, which you will, I took roughly by the collar and threatened to run him through incontinent if he confessed not the truth. He, as it were stricken with remorse of conscience (God be with him, for he could counterfeit most daintily), down on his knees asked me forgiveness, and impeached Tabitha and Petro de Campo Frego as guilty of subornation. I very mildly and gravely gave him audience. Rail on them I did not after the tale was ended, but said I would try what the law could do. Conspiracy, by the custom of their country, was a capital offence, and what custom or justice might afford they should be all sure to feel.

"I could," quoth I, "acquit myself otherwise, but it is not for a stranger to be his own carver in revenge."

Not a word more with Tabitha, but die she would before God or the devil would have her. She sounded and revived, and then sounded again, and after she revived again, sighed heavily, spoke faintly and pitifully; yea, and so pitifully, as, if a man had not known the pranks of harlots before, he would have melted into commiseration. Tears, sighs, and doleful-tuned words

could not make any forcible claim to my stony ears; it was the glittering crowns that I hungered and thirsted after; and with them, for all her mock-holiday gestures, she was fain to come off, before I condescended to any bargain of silence.

So it fortune'd (hie upon that unfortunate word of Fortune) that this whore, this quean, this courtesan, this common of ten thousand, so bribing me not to bewray her, had given me a great deal of counterfeit gold, which she had received of a coiner to make away, a little before. Amongst the gross sum of my bribery, I, silly milksop, mistrusting no deceit, under an angel of light took what she gave me, nor turned it over, for which (O falsehood in fair show!) my master and I had liked to have been turned over.¹

He that is a knight errant, exercised in the affairs of ladies and gentlewomen, hath more places to send money to than the devil hath to send his spirits to. There was a delicate wench named Flavia Amelia lodging in Saint Mark's Street at a goldsmith's, which I would fain have had to the grand test, to try whether she were cunning in alchemy or no. Ay me, she was but a counterfeit slip, for she not only gave me the

¹ Hung.

slip, but had wellnigh made me a slipstring. To her I sent my gold, to beg an hour of grace. Ah, graceless fornicatress! My hostess and she were confederate, who, having gotten but one piece of my ill gold in their hands, devised the means to make me immortal.

I could drink for anger till my head ached, to think how I was abused. Shall I shame the devil and speak the truth? To prison was I sent as principal, and my master as accessory; nor was it to a prison neither, but to the Master of the Mint's house, who, though partly our judge, and a most severe upright justice in his own nature, extremely seemed to condole our ignorant estate, and without all peradventure, a present redress he had ministered, if certain of our countrymen, hearing an English Earl was apprehended for coining, had not come to visit us. An ill planet brought them thither, for at the first glance they knew the servant of my secrecies to be the Earl of Surrey, and I (not worthy to be named, I) an outcast of his cup or pantoufles.

Thence, thence sprung the full period of our infelicity. The Master of the Mint, our whilom refresher and consolation, now took part against us. He thought we had a mint in our heads of mischievous conspiracies against their State.

Heavens bare witness with us it was not so (heavens will not always come to witness when they are called). To a straiter ward were we committed: that which we have imputatively transgressed must be answered. Oh, the heathen heigh pass, and the intrinsical legerdemain of our special approved good pander Petro de Campo Frego! He, although he dipped in the same dish with us every day, seeming to labor our cause very importunately, and had interpreted for us to the State from the beginning; yet was one of those treacherous brother Trulys, and abused us most clerkly. He interpreted to us with a pestilence, for whereas we stood obstinately upon it, we were wrongfully detained and that it was nought but a malicious practice of sinful Tabitha our late hostess, he, by a fine cony-catching corrupt translation, made us plainly to confess and cry "miserere," ere we had need of our neck-verse.

Detestable, detestable that the flesh and the devil should deal by their factors; I'll stand to it, there is not a pander but hath vowed Paganism. The Devil himself is not such a devil as he, so be he perform his function aright. He must have the back of an ass, the snout of an elephant, the wit of a fox and the teeth of a wolf; he must

fawn like a spaniel, crouch like a Jew, leer like a sheepbiter.¹ If he be half a Puritan and have scripture continually in his mouth, he speeds the better. I can tell you, it is a trade of great promotion, and let none ever think to mount by service in foreign courts, or creep near to some magnifque lords, if they be not seen in this science. Oh, it is the art of arts, and ten thousand times goes beyond the intelligencer. None but a staid grave civil man is capable of it; he must have exquisite courtship in him or else he is not old who he wants the best point in his tables. God be merciful to our pander (and that were for God to work a miracle), he was seen in all the seven liberal deadly sciences; not a sin but he was as absolute in as Satan himself. Satan could never have supplanted us so as he did. I may say to you, he planted in us the first Italianate wit that we had.

¹ Woman-hunter.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Wilton wins a mistress, and is released from prison through the efforts of Aretino.

DURING the time we lay close and took physic in this castle of contemplation, there was a Magnifico's wife of good calling sent to bear us company. Her husband's name was Castaldo; she hight Diamante; the cause of her committing was an ungrounded jealous suspicion which her doting husband had conceived of her chastity. One Isaac Medicus, a Bergamask, was the man he chose to make him a monster, who, being a courtier and repairing to his house very often, neither for love of him nor his wife, but only with a drift to borrow money of a pawn of wax and parchment, when he saw his expectation deluded and that Castaldo was too chary for him to close with, he privily, with purpose of revenge, gave out amongst his copesmates that he resorted to Castaldo's house for no other end but to cuckold him, and doubtfully he talked that he had and he had not obtained his suit. Rings

which he borrowed of a light courtesan that he used to, he would feign to be taken from her fingers, and in sum, so handled the matter that Castaldo exclaimed, "Out, whore! Strumpet, sixpenny hackster! Away with her to prison!"

As glad we were almost as if they had given us liberty, that Fortune lent us such a sweet fellow. A pretty round-faced wench was it, with black eyebrows, a high forehead, a little mouth, and a sharp nose, as fat and plump every part of her as a plover, a skin as slick and soft as the back of a swan—it doth me good when I remember her. Like a bird she tripped on the ground, and bare out her belly as majestic as an ostrich. With a liquorous rolling eye fixed piercing on the earth, and sometimes scornfully darted on the tone side, she figured forth a high discontented disdain, much like a prince puffing and storming at the treason of some mighty subject fled lately out of his power. Her very countenance repiningly wrathful, and yet clear and unwrinkled, would have confirmed the clearness of her conscience to the austere judge in the world. If in any thing she were culpable, it was in being too melancholy chaste and showing herself as covetous of her beauty as her husband was of his bags. Many are honest because they know not how to

be dishonest; she thought there was no pleasure in stolen bread, because there was no pleasure in an old man's bed. It is almost impossible that any woman should be excellently witty, and not make the utmost penny of her beauty. This age and this country of ours admits of some miraculous exceptions, but former times are my constant informers. Those that have quick motions of wit, have quick motions in everything; iron only needs many strokes; only iron wits are not won without a long siege of entreaty. Gold easily bends; the most ingenious minds are easiest moved. "*Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit,*" sayeth Sappho to Phao. Who hath no merciful mild mistress, I will maintain, hath no wit but a clownish dull phlegmatic puppy to his mistress.

This Magnifico's wife was a good loving soul that had metal enough in her to make a good wit of, but being never removed from under her mother's and her husband's wing, it was not molded and fashioned as it ought. Causeless distrust is able to drive deceit into a simple woman's head. I durst pawn the credit of a page, which is worth ames ace ¹ at all times, that she was immaculate honest till she met with us in prison. Marry, what temptations she had then, when

¹ The lowest throw of dice.

fire and flax were put together, conceit with yourselves, but hold my master excusable.

Alack, he was too virtuous to make her vicious; he stood upon religion and conscience, what a heinous thing it was to subvert God's ordinance. This was all the injury he would offer her; sometimes he would imagine her in a melancholy humor to be his Geraldine, and take her white hand and wipe his eyes with it as though the very touch of her might staunch his anguish. Now would he kneel and kiss the ground as holy ground which she vouchsafed to bless from barrenness by her steps. Who would have learned to write an excellent passion, might have been a perfect tragic poet, had he but attended half the extremity of his lament. Passion upon passion would throng one on another's neck; he would praise her beyond the moon and stars, and that so sweetly and ravishingly, as I persuade myself he was more in love with his own curious forming fancy than her face; and truth it is, many become passionate lovers, only to win praise to their wits.

He praised, he prayed, he desired and besought her to pity him that perished for her. From this his entranced mistaking ecstasy could no man remove him. Who loveth resolutely, will

include everything under the name of his love. From prose he would leap into verse, and with these or suchlike rhymes assault her:

*If I must die, O let me choose my death,
Suck out my soul with kisses, cruel maid,
In thy breasts' crystal balls embalm my breath,
Dole it all out in sighs when I am laid.
Thy lips on mine like cupping-glasses clasp,
Let our tongues meet and strive as they would sting,
Crush out my wind with one straight girding grasp—
Stabs on my heart keep time whilst thou dost sing.
Thy eyes like searing irons burn out mine;
In thy fair tresses stifle me outright,
Like Circe's change me to a loathsome swine,
So I may live forever in thy sight.
Into heaven's joys none can profoundly see,
Except that first they meditate on thee.*

Sadly and verily, if my master said true, I should if I were a wench make many men quickly immortal. What is't, what is't for a maid fair and fresh to spend a little lip-salve on a hungry lover? My master beat the bush and kept a coil and a prattling—but I caught the bird. Simplicity and plainness shall carry it away in another world. God wot, he was Petro Desperato when I, stepping to her with a dunstable ¹

¹ Plain.

tale, made up my market. A holy requiem to their souls that think to woo a woman with riddles. I had some cunning plot, you must suppose, to bring this about. Her husband had abused her, and it was very necessary she should be revenged; seldom do they prove patient martyrs who are punished unjustly: one way or other they will cry quittance, whatsoever it cost them. No other apt means had this poor she-captived Cicely to work her hoddie-peak ¹ husband a proportionable plague for his jealousy, but to give his head his full loading of infamy. She thought she would make him complain for something, that was now so hard bound with an heretical opinion. How I dealt with her—guess, gentle reader, *subaudi* that I was in prison and she my silly jailor.

Means there was made after a month's or two durance by Mr. John Russell, a gentleman of King Henry the Eighth's chamber, who then lay lieger at Venice for England, that our cause should be favoraby heard. At that time was Monsieur Petro Aretine searcher and Chief Inquisitor to the college of courtesans. Diverse and sundry ways was this Aretine beholden to the King of England, especially by this foresaid

¹ Silly.

Master John Russell: a little before, he had sent him a pension of four hundred crowns yearly during his life. Very forcibly was he dealt withal, to strain the utmost of his credit for our delivery out of prison. Nothing at his hands we sought, but that the courtesan might be more narrowly sifted and examined. Such and so extraordinary was his care and industry herein, that within few days after, Mistress Tabitha and her pander cried "*Peccavi, confiteor*," and we were presently discharged; they, for example sake, executed. Most honorably after our enlargement of the State were we used, and had sufficient recompense for all our troubles and wrongs.

Before I go any further, let me speak a word or two of this Aretine. It was one of the wittiest knaves that ever God made. If, out of so base a thing as ink, there may be extracted a spirit, he writ with nought but the spirit of ink, and his style was the spirituality of arts and nothing else, whereas all others of his age were but the lay temporality of inkhorn terms. For indeed they were mere temporisers and no better. His pen was sharp-pointed like a poniard; no leaf he wrote on but was like a burning-glass to set on fire all his readers. With more than musket-shot did he charge his quill, where he meant to in-

veigh. No hour but he sent a whole legion of devils into some herd of swine or other. If Martial had ten Muses (as he saith of himself) when he but tasted a cup of wine, he had ten score when he determined to tyrannize; ne'er a line of his but was able to make a man drunken with admiration. His sight pierced like lightning into the entrails of all abuses. This I must needs say, that most of his learning he got by hearing the lectures at Florence. It is sufficient that learning he had, and a conceit exceeding all learning, to quintessence every thing which he heard. He was no timorous servile flatterer of the commonwealth wherein he lived; his tongue and his intention were foreborne; what they thought, they would confidently utter. Princes he spared not, that in the least point transgressed. His life he contemned in comparison of the liberty of speech.

Whereas some dull-brain maligners of his accuse him of that treatise, *De Tribus Impositoribus Mundi*, which was never contrived without a general council of devils, I am verily persuaded it was none of his, and of my mind are a number of the most judicial Italians. One reason is this, that it was published forty years after his death; and he never in his lifetime wrote anything in Latin. Certainly I have heard that one of Mac-

chiavel's followers and disciples was the author of that book, who to avoid discredit, filched it forth under Aretine's name a great while after he had sealed up his eloquent spirit in the grave. Too much gall did that wormwood of Ghibelline wits put in his ink, who engraved that rhubarb¹ epitaph on this excellent poet's tombstone. Quite forsaken of all good angels was he, and utterly given over to artless envy. Four universities honored Aretine with these rich titles: *Il Flagello de Principi*, *Il Veritiero*, *Il Divino*, and *L'Unico Aretino*. The French King Francis the First he kept in such awe, that to chain his tongue he sent him a huge chain of gold, in the form of tongues fashioned. Singularly hath he commented of the humanity of Christ. Besides, as Moses set forth his *Genesis*, so hath he set forth his *Genesis* also, including the contents of the whole Bible. A notable treatise hath he compiled, called *Il Sette Psalmi Pœnetentiarii*. All the Thomases have cause to love him, because he hath dilated so magnificently of the life of Saint Thomas. There is a good thing that he hath set forth, *La Vita della Virgine Maria*, though it somewhat smell of superstition, which here for tediousness I suppress.

¹ Bitter.

If lascivious he were, he may answer with Ovid, "*Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa mea est*: my life is chaste, though wanton be my verse." Tell me who is traveled in histories, what good poet is or ever was there who hath not had a little spice of wantonness in his days? Even Beza himself, by your leave. Aretine, as long as the world lives shall you live. Tully, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca were never such ornaments to Italy as thou hast been. I never thought of Italy more religiously than England till I heard of thee. Peace to thy ghost!—and yet methinks so indefinite a spirit should have no peace or intermission of pains, but be penning ditties to the archangels in another world. Puritans spew forth the venom of your dull inventions. A toad swells with thick troubled poison; you swell with poisonous perturbations; your malice hath not a clear dram of any inspired disposition.

My principal subject plucks me by the elbow. Diamante, Castaldo's the Magnifico's wife, after my enlargement proved to be with child, at which instant there grew an unsatiable famine in Venice, wherein, whether it were for mere niggardice, or that Castaldo still ate out his heart with jealousy, Saint Anne be our record, he turned up the heels very devoutly. To Master

Aretine after this once more very dutifully I appealed, requested him of favor, acknowledged former gratuities. He made no more humming or halting, but in despite of her husband's kin-folks, gave her *nunc dimittis* and so established her free of my company.

CHAPTER NINE

Surrey catches him playing a lordly rôle.

BEING out, and fully possessed of her husband's goods, she invested me in the state of a monarch. Because the time of childbirth drew nigh and she could not remain in Venice but discredited, she decreed to travel whithersoever I would conduct her. To see Italy throughout was my proposed scope, and that way, if she would travel, have with her; I had wherewithal to relieve her.

From my master by her full-hand provocation I parted without leave; the state of an earl he had thrust upon me before, and now I would not bate him an ace of it. Through all the cities passed I by no other name but the young Earl of Surrey; my pomp, my apparel, train and expense was nothing inferior to his; my looks were as lofty, my words as magnificent. Memorandum, that Florence being the principal scope of my master's course, missing me he journeyed thither without interruption. By the way as he went, he heard of another Earl of Surrey besides himself, which caused him to make more haste to

fetch me in, whom he little dreamed of had such art in my budget to separate the shadow from the body. Overtake me at Florence he did, where sitting in my pontificalibus with my courtesan at supper, like Antony and Cleopatra when they quaffed standing bowls of wine spiced with pearl together, he stole in ere we sent for him, and bade much good it us, and asked us whether we wanted any guests. If he had asked me whether I would have hanged myself, his question had been more acceptable. He that had then ungartered me might have plucked out my heart at my heels.

My soul, which was made to soar upward, now sought for passage downward, my blood, as the blushing Sabine maids, surprised on the sudden by the soldiers of Romulus, ran to the noblest of blood amongst them for succor, that were in no less, if not greater danger, so did it run for refuge to the noblest of his blood about my heart assembled, that stood in more need itself of comfort and refuge. A trembling earthquake or shaking fever assailed either of us, and I think unfeignedly, if he, seeing our faint-heart agony, had not soon cheered and refreshed us, the dogs had gone together by the ears under the table for our fear-dropped limbs.

Instead of menacing or affrighting me with his sword or his frowns for my superlative presumption, he burst out into laughter above Ela,¹ to think how bravely napping he had took us, and how notably we were damped and struck dead in the neast with the unexpected view of his presence.

“Ah!” quoth he, “my noble lord,” (after his tongue had borrowed a little leave of his laughter) “is it my luck to visit you thus unlooked for, I am sure you will bid me welcome, if it be but for the name’s sake. It is a wonder to see two English earls of one house at one time together in Italy!”

I, hearing him so pleasant, began to gather up my spirits, and replied as boldly as I durst, “Sir, you are welcome. Your name which I borrowed I have not abused. Some large sums of money this my sweet mistress Diamante hath made me master of, which I knew not how better to employ for the honor of my country than by spending it munificently under your name. No Englishman would I have renowned for bounty, magnificence and courtesy but you; under your colors all my meritorious works I was desirous to shroud. Deem it no insolence to add increase to

¹ The highest note.

your fame. Had I basely and beggarly, wanting ability to support any part of your royalty, undertook the estimation of this high calling, your allegement of injury had been the greater, and my defense less authorized. It will be thought but a policy of yours to send one before you, who being a follower of yours, shall keep and uphold the estate and port of an earl. I have known many earls myself that in their own persons would go very plain, but delighted to have one that belonged to them, being loaden with jewels, apparelled in cloth-of-gold and all the rich embroidery that might be, to stand bareheaded unto him: arguing thus much, that if the greatest men went not more sumptuous, how much more great than the greatest was he that could command one going so sumptuous! A nobleman's glory appeareth in nothing so much as in the pomp of his attendants. What is the glory of the sun, but that the moon and so many millions of stars borrow their lights from him? If you can reprehend me of any one illiberal licentious action I have disparaged your name with, heap shame on me prodigally, I beg no pardon or pity!"

Non veniunt in idem pudor et amor: He was loath to detract from one that he loved so. Beholding with his eyes that I clipped not the wings

of his honor, but rather increased them with additions of expense, he entreated me as if I had been an Ambassador; he gave me his hand and swore he had no more hearts but one, and I should have half of it, in that I so enhanced his obscured reputation. "One thing," quoth he, "my sweet Jack, I will entreat thee (it shall be but one), that though I am well pleased thou shouldst be the ape of my birthright (as what nobleman hath not his ape and his fool), yet that thou be an ape without a clog: not carry thy courtesan with thee."

I told him that a king could do nothing without his treasury: this courtesan was my purse-bearer, my countenance and supporter. My earldom I would sooner resign than part with such a special benefactor. "Resign it I will, however, since I am thus challenged of stolen goods by the true owner. Lo, into my former state I return again: poor Jack Wilton and your servant am I, as I was at the beginning, and so will I persevere to my life's ending."

That theme was quickly cut off, and other talk entered in place; of what, I have forgot, but talk it was, and talk let it be, and talk it shall be, for I do not mean here to remember it. We supped,

got to bed, rose in the morning; on my master I waited, and the first thing he did after he was up, he went and visited the house where his Geraldine was born, at sight whereof he was so impassioned that in the open street, but for me, he would have made an oration in praise of it. Into it we were conducted, and showed each several room thereto appertaining. Oh, but when he came to the chamber where his Geraldine's clear sunbeams first thrust themselves into this cloud of flesh and acquainted mortality with the purity of angels, then did his mouth overflow with magnificats! His tongue thrust the stars out of heaven, and eclipsed the sun and moon with comparisons; Geraldine was the soul of heaven, sole daughter and heir to *Primus Motor*. The alchemy of his eloquence out of the incomprehensible drossy matter of clouds and air distilled no more quintessence than would make his Geraldine complete fair. In praise of the chamber that was so illuminatively honored with her radiant conception, he penned this sonnet:

*Fair room, the presence of sweet beauty's pride,
The place the sun upon the earth did hold
When Phaeton his chariot did misguide,
The tower where Jove rained down himself in gold,*

*Prostrate, as holy ground I'll worship thee;
 Our Lady's Chapel be thou henceforth named;
 Here first love's queen put on mortality,
 And with her beauty all the world inflamed.*

*Heaven's chambers, harboring fiery cherubines
 Are not with thee in glory to compare;
 Lightning, it is not light which in thee shines,
 None enter thee but straight entrancèd are.*

*Oh, if Elysium be above the ground,
 Then here it is, where nought but joy is found.*

Many other poems and epigrams in that chamber's patient alabaster enclosure (which her melting eyes long sithence had softened) were curiously engraved. Diamonds thought themselves *Dii mundi* if they might but carve her name on the naked glass. With them on it did he anatomize these body-wanting mots: *Dulce puella malum est. Quod fugit ipse sequor. Amor est mihi causa sequendi. O infœlix ego. Cur vidi? cur perii? Non patienter amo. Tantum patitur amari.*

CHAPTER TEN

The noble tournament at Florence.

AFTER the view of these venereal monuments, he published a proud challenge in the Duke of Florence's court against all comers, whether Christians, Turks, Jews or Saracens, in defence of his Geraldine's beauty. More mildly was it accepted, in that she whom he defended was a town-born child of that city, or else the pride of the Italian would have prevented him ere he should have come to perform it. The Duke of Florence nevertheless sent for him and demanded him of his estate and the reason that drew him thereto, which when he was advertised of to the full, he granted all countries whatsoever, as well enemies and outlaws, as friends and confederates, free access and regress into his dominions unmolested, until that insolent trial were ended.

The right honorable and ever renowned Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, my singular good lord and master, entered the lists after this order: His armor was all intermixed with lilies and

roses, and the bases ¹ thereof bordered with nettles and weeds, signifying stings, crosses, and overgrowing encumbrances in his love; his helmet round proportioned like a gardener's water-pot, from which seemed to issue forth small threads of water like zithern strings, that not only did moisten the lilies and roses, but did fructify as well the nettles and weeds and made them overgrow their liege lords. Whereby he did import thus much, that the tears that issued from his brains, as those artificial distillations issued from the well-counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gave life as well to his mistress' disdain (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glory to her care-causing beauty (comprehended under the lilies and roses). The symbol thereto annexed was this: *Ex lachrymis lachrymæ*. The trappings of his horse were pounced and bolstered out with rough plumed silver plush, in full proportion and shape of an ostrich. On the breast of the horse were the fore-parts of this greedy bird advanced, whence, as his manner is, he reached out his long neck to the reins of the bridle, thinking they had been iron, and still seemed to gape after the golden bit, and ever as the courser did raise or corvet, to

¹ Skirts.

have swallowed it half in. His wings, which he never useth but running, being spread full sail, made his lusty steed as proud under him as he had been some other Pegasus, and so quiveringly and tenderly were these his broad wings bound to either side of him, that, as he paced up and down the tilt-yard in his majesty ere the knights were entered, they seemed wantonly to fan in his face and make a flickering sound such as eagles do, swiftly pursuing their prey in the air.

On either of his wings, as the ostrich hath a sharp goad or prick, wherewith he spurreth himself forward in his sail-assisted race, so this artificial ostrich on the in-bent knuckle of the pinion of either wing had embossed crystal eyes affixed, wherein wheelwise were circularly engrafted sharp-pointed diamonds, as rays from those eyes derived, that like the rowel of a spur ran deep into his horse's sides, and made him more eager in his course. Such a fine dim shine did these crystal eyes and these round enranked diamonds make through their bolen¹ swelling bowers of feathers, as if it had been a candle in a paper lantern, or a glow-worm in a bush by night glistering through the leaves and briars. The tail of the ostrich, being short and thick, served very

¹Puffed out.

fitly for a plume to trick up his horse's tail with, so that every part of him was as naturally co-opted as might be. The word to this device was, *Aculeo alatus*: "I spread my wings only spurred with her eyes."

The moral of the whole is this: that as the ostrich, the most burning-sighted bird of all others, insomuch as the female of them hatcheth not her eggs by covering them, but by the effectual rays of her eyes, as he, I say, outstrippeth the nimblest trippers of his feathered condition in footmanship, only spurred on with the needle-quickenening goad under his side, so he, no less burning-sighted than the ostrich, spurred on to the race of honor by the sweet rays of his mistress' eyes, persuaded himself he should outstrip all other in running to the goal of glory, only animated and incited by her excellence. And as the ostrich will eat iron, swallow any hard metal whatsoever, so would he refuse no iron adventure, no hard task whatsoever, to sit in the grace of so fair a commander. The order of his shield was this: it was framed like a burning-glass beset round with flame-colored feathers, on the outside whereof was his mistress' picture adorned as beautiful as art could portraiture, on the inside a

naked sword tied in a true love-knot; the mot, *Militat omnis amans*. Signifying that in a true love-knot his sword was tried to defend and maintain the features of his mistress.

Next him entered the Black Knight, whose beaver was pointed all torn and bloody, as though he had new come from combating a bear. His headpiece seemed to be a little oven fraught full with smothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smoke voided out of the clefts of his beaver. His bases were all embroidered with snakes and adders, engendered of the abundance of innocent blood that was shed. His horse's trappings were throughout bespangled with honey spots, which are no blemishes, but ornaments. On his shield he bare the sun full shining on a dial at his going down; the word, *Sufficit tandem*.

After him followed the Knight of the Owl, whose armor was a stubbed tree overgrown with ivy, his helmet fashioned like an owl sitting on the top of this ivy; on his bases were wrought all kinds of birds as on the ground wandering about him; the word, *Ideo mirum quia monstrum*. His horse's furniture was framed like a cart scattering whole sheaves of corn amongst

hogs; the word, *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*. On his shield a bee entangled in sheep's wool; the mot, *Frontis nulla fides*.

The fourth that succeeded was a well-proportioned knight in an armor imitating rust, whose headpiece was prefigured like flowers growing in a narrow pot, where they had not any space to spread their roots or disperse their flourishing. His bases embellished with open armed hands scattering gold amongst truncheons; the word, *Cura futuri est*. His horse was harnessed with leaden chains, having the outside gilt, or at least saffroned instead of gilt, to decipher a holy or golden pretence of a covetous purpose; the sentence, *Cani capilli mei compedes*. On his target he had a number of crawling worms kept under by a block; the faburthen ¹ *Speramus lucent*.

The fifth was the Forsaken Knight, whose helmet was crowned with nothing but cypress and willow garlands. Over his armor he had Hymen's nuptial robe, dyed in a dusky yellow, and all to be defaced and discolored with spots and stains. The enigma, *Nos quoque florimus*, as who should say, "We have been in fashion." His steed was adorned with orange-tawny eyes, such as those have that have the yellow jaundice,

¹ Legend.

that make all things yellow they look upon, with this brief, *Qui invident egent*: "Those that envy are hungry."

The sixth was the Knight of the Storms, whose helmet was round-molded like the moon, and all his armor like waves whereon the shine of the moon, slightly silvered, perfectly represented moonshine in the water. His bases were the banks or shores that bounded in the streams. The spoke¹ was this: *Frustra pius*—as much to say, as "fruitless service." On his shield he set forth a lion driven from his prey by a dung-hill cock. The word, *Non vi sed voce*: "Not by violence but by voice."

The seventh had, like the giants that sought to scale heaven in despite of Jupiter, a mount overwhelming his head and whole body. His bases outlaid with arms and legs, which the skirts of that mountain left uncovered; under this did he characterize a man desirous to climb to the heaven of honor, kept under with the mountain of his prince's command, and yet had he arms and legs exempted from the suppression of that mountain. The word, *Tu mihi criminis author* (alluding to his prince's command): "Thou art the occasion of my imputed cowardice." His

¹ Proverb, motto.

horse was trapped in the earthy strings of tree roots, which, though their increase was stubbed down to the ground, yet were they not utterly deaded, but hoped for an after resurrection. The word, *Spe alor*: I hope for a spring. Upon his shield he bare a ball stricken down with a man's hand that it might mount. The word, *Ferior ut efferar*: "I suffer myself to be contemned because I will climb."


The eighth had all his armor throughout engrailed like a crabbed briery hawthorne bush, out of which notwithstanding sprung (as a good child of an ill father) fragrant blossoms of delightful mayflowers, that made, according to the nature of May, a most odoriferous smell. In the midst of this his snowy curled top, round wrapped together on the ascending of his crest, sate a solitary nightingale close encaged, with a thorn at her breast, having this mot in her mouth, *Luctus monumenta manebunt*. At the foot of this bush, represented on his bases, lay a number of black swollen toads gasping for wind, and summer-lived grasshoppers gaping after dew, both which were choked with excessive drought for want of shade. The word, *Non sine vulnere viresco*: "I spring not without impediments," alluding to the toads and suchlike that erst lay sucking at his roots,

but now were turned out, and near choked with drought. His horse was suited in black sandy earth (as adjacent to this bush) which was here and there patched with short burnt grass, and as thick ink dropped with toiling ants and emmets as ever it might crawl, who in the full of the summer moon (ruddy garnished on his horse's forehead), hoarded up their provision of grain against winter. The word, *Victrix fortunæ sapientia*: "Providence prevents misfortune." On his shield he set forth the picture of death doing alms' deeds to a number of poor desolate children. The word, *Nemo alius explicat*: "No other man takes pity upon us." What his meaning was herein I cannot imagine, except death had done him and his brethren some great good turn in ridding them of some untoward parent or kinsman that would have been their confusion, for else I cannot see how death should have been said to do alms' deeds, except he had deprived them suddenly of their lives, to deliver them out of some further misery, which could not in any wise be, because they were yet living.

The ninth was the Infant Knight, who on his armor had enameled a poor young infant put into a ship without tackling, masts, furniture or anything. This weatherbeaten or ill-apparelled ship

was shadowed on his bases, and the slender compass of his body set forth the right picture of an infant. The waves wherein the ship was tossed were fretted on his steed's trappings so movingly, that ever as he offered to bound or stir, they seemed to bounce and toss and sparkle brine out of their hoary silver billows; the mot, *Inopem me copia fecit*, as much to say, as "the rich prey makes the thief." On his shield he expressed an old goat that made a young tree to wither only with biting it; the word thereto, *Primo extinguior in aevo*: "I am frostbitten ere I come out of the blade."

It were here too tedious to manifest all the discontented or amorous devices that were used in this tournament; the shields only of some few I will touch, to make short work. One bare for his impress the eyes of young swallows coming again after they were plucked out, with this mot: *Et addit et addimit*: "Your beauty both bereaves and restores my sight." Another, a siren smiling when the sea rages and ships are overwhelmed, including a cruel woman that laughs, sings and scorns at her lover's tears and the tempests of his despair; the word, *Cuncta pereunt*: "All my labor is ill employed." A third, being troubled with a cursed, a treacherous and wanton wife,

used this similitude: on his shield he caused to be limned Pompey's ordinance for parricides, as namely, a man put into a sack with a cock, a serpent and an ape; interpreting that his wife was a cock for her crowing, a serpent for her stinging, and an ape for her unconstant wantonness; with which ill qualities he was so beset that thereby he was thrown into a sea of grief; the word, *Extremum malorum mulier*: "The utmost of evils is a  man."

A fourth who, being a person of suspected religion, was continually haunted with intelligencers and spies that thought to prey upon him for that he had, he could not devise which way to shake them off, but by making away that he had. To obscure this, he used no other fancy but a number of blind flies whose eyes the cold had enclosed; the word, *Aurum reddit acutissimum*: "Gold is the only physic for the eyesight." A fifth, whose mistress was fallen into a consumption, and yet would condescend to no treaty of love, emblazoned for his complaint, grapes that withered for want of pressing; the ditty to the mot: *Quid regna sine usu*.

I will rehearse no more, but I have an hundred other. Let this be the upshot of those shows: they were the admirablest that Florence ever

yielded. To particularize their manner of encounter were to describe the whole art of tilting. Some had like to have fallen over their horses' necks, and so break their necks in breaking their staves. Others ran at a buckle instead of a button, and peradventure whetted their spears' points, idly gliding on their enemies' sides, but did no other harm. Others ran across at their adversaries' left elbow; yea, and by your leave, let not the lists 'scape scot free, they were so eager. Others, because they would be sure not to be unsaddled with the shock, when they came to the spear's utmost proof, they threw it over the right shoulder, and so tilted backward, for forward they durst not. Another had a monstrous spite at the pommel of his rival's saddle, and thought to have thrust his spear twixt his legs without raising any skin, and carried him clean away on it as a cowl-staff. Another held his spear to his nose, or his nose to his spear, as though he had been discharging his caliver, and ran at the right foot of his fellow's steed.

Only the Earl of Surrey my master observed the true measures of honor, and made all his encounterers new-scour their armor in the dust. So great was his glory that day, as Geraldine was thereby eternally glorified. Never such a bounti-

ful master came amongst the heralds: not that he did enrich them with any plentiful purse-largess, but that by his stern assaults he tithed them more rich offals of bases, of helmets, of armor, than the rent of their offices came to in ten years before.

What would you have more?—The trumpets proclaimed him master of the field; the trumpets proclaimed Geraldine the exceptionless fairest of women. Everyone strived to magnify him more than other. The Duke of Florence, whose name, as my memory serveth me, was Paschal de Medicis, offered him such large proffers to stay with him as it were incredible to report. He would not: his desire was, as he had done in Florence, so to proceed throughout all the chief cities in Italy. If you ask why he began not this at Venice first, it was because he would let Florence, his mistress' native city, have the maiden-head of his chivalry. As he came back again, he thought to have enacted the same thing there worthy the annals of posterity, but he was debarred both of that and all his other determinations, for, continuing in feasting and banqueting with the Duke of Florence and the princes of Italy, there assembled, post-haste letters came to him from the King his master, to return as speed-

ily as he could possible into England; whereby his fame was quit, cut off by the shins, and there was no reprieve but *Bazelus manus*; ¹ he must into England, and I with my courtesan traveled forward in Italy. What adventures happened him after we parted I am ignorant, but Florence we both forsook, and I, having a wonderful ardent inclination to see Rome, the Queen of the World and metropolitan mistress of all other cities, made thither with my bag and baggage as fast as I could.

¹ For Spanish *Beso las manos*, i. e., farewell.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The wonders of Rome; horrors of the plague.

ATTAINED thither, I was lodged at the house of one Johannes de Imola, a Roman cavaliero. Who being acquainted with my courtesan's deceased doting husband, for his sake used us with all the familiarity that might be. He showed us all the monuments that were to be seen, which are as many as there have been emperors, consuls, orators, conquerors, famous painters or players, in Rome. Till this day not a Roman (if he be a right Roman indeed) will kill a rat, but he will have some registered remembrance of it.

There was a poor fellow during my remainder there, that for a new trick that he had invented of killing Cymesés and scorpions, had his mountebank banner hung up on a high pillar, with an inscription about it longer than the King of Spain's stile. I thought these Cymesés, like the Cimbrians, had been some strange nation he had brought under; and they were no more but things like sheep-lice, which alive have the most venomous sting that may be, and being dead do

stink out of measure; Saint Austin compareth heretics unto them. The chiefest thing that my eyes delighted in was the church of the seven sybils, which is a most miraculous thing, all their prophecies and oracles being there enrolled, as also the beginning and ending of their whole catalogue of the heathen gods, with their manner of worship. There are a number of other shrines and statues dedicated to the emperors, and withal some statues of idolatry reserved for detestation.

I was at Pontius Pilate's house, and pissed against it. The name of the place I remember not, but it is as one goes to Saint Paul's Church, not far from the Jems' Piazza. There is the prison yet packed up together (an old rotten thing) where the man that was condemned to death and could have nobody come to him and succor him but was searched, was kept alive a long space by sucking his daughters' breasts. These are but the shop-dust of the sights I saw, and in truth I did not behold with any care hereafter to report, but contented my eye for the present, and so let them pass. Should I memorize half the miracles which they there told me had been done about martyrs' tombs, or the operations of the earth of the sepulchre and other relics brought from Jerusalem, I should be

counted the monstrous liar that ever came in print. The ruins of Pompey's theatre, reputed one of the nine wonders of the world, Gregory the Sixth's tomb, Priscilla's grate, or the thousands of pillars arreared amongst the razed foundations of old Rome, it were frivolous to specify, since he that hath but once drunk with a traveler talks of them. Let me be a historiographer of my own misfortunes, and not meddle with the continued trophies of so old a triumphing city.

At my first coming to Rome, I, being a youth of the English cut, ware my hair long, went apparelled in light colors, and imitated four or five sundry nations in my attire at once; which no sooner was noted, but I had all the boys of the city in a swarm wondering about me. I had not gone a little farther, but certain officers crossed the way of me and demanded to see my rapier, which when they found (as also my dagger) with his point unblunted, they would have haled me headlong to the Strappado, but that with money I appeased them; and my fault was more pardonable in that I was a stranger, altogether ignorant of their customs. Note, by the way, that it is the use in Rome for all men whatsoever to wear their hair short; which they do not so

much for conscience' sake or any religion they place in it, but because the extremity of the heat is such there, that if they should not do so, they should not have a hair left on their heads to stand upright when they were scared with sprites. And he is counted no gentleman amongst them that goes not in black; they dress their jesters and fools only in fresh colors and say variable garments do argue unstaidness and unconstancy of affections.

The reason of their strait ordinance for carrying weapons without points is this: The bandettos, which are certain outlaws that lie betwixt Rome and Naples and besiege the passage, that none can travel that way without robbing. Now and then hired for some few crowns, they will steal to Rome and do a murder and betake them to their heels again. Disguised as they go, they are not known from strangers; sometimes they will shroud themselves under the habit of grave citizens. In this consideration, neither citizen or stranger, gentleman, knight, marquess or any, may wear any weapon endamagable, upon pain of the Strappado. I bought it out; let others buy experience of me better, cheap.

To tell you of the rare pleasures of their gardens, their baths, their vineyards, their galleries,

were to write a second part of the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Devices. Why, you should not come into any man's house of account, but he had fish-ponds and little orchards on the top of his leads. If by rain or any other means those ponds were so full they need not be sluiced or let out, even of their superfluities they made melodious use, for they had great wind instruments instead of leaden spouts, that went duly on concert only with this water's rumbling descent. I saw a summer banqueting house belonging to a merchant, that was the marvel of the world, and could not be matched except God should make another Paradise. It was built round of green marble, like a theatre without. Within there was a heaven and earth comprehended both under one roof; the heaven was a clear overhanging vault of crystal, wherein the sun and moon and each visible star had his true similitude, shine, situation and motion, and by what enrapt art I cannot conceive, these spheres in their proper orbs observed their circular wheelings and turnings, making a certain kind of soft angelical murmuring music in their often windings and going about, which music the philosophers say in the true heaven, by reason of the grossness of our senses, we are not capable of.

For the earth, it was counterfeited in that likeness that Adam lorded over it before his fall. A wide vast spacious room it was, such as we would conceit Prince Arthur's hall to be, where he feasted all his knights of the Round Table together every Pentecost. The floor was painted with the beautifullest flowers that ever man's eye admired, which so lineally were delineated that he that viewed them afar off and had not directly stood poringly over them would have sworn they had liven indeed.

The walls round about were hedged with olives and palm trees and all other odoriferous fruit-bearing plants, which at any solemn entertainment dropped myrrh and frankincense. Other trees, that bare no fruit, were set in just order one against another and divided the room into a number of shady lanes, leaving but one over-spreading pine-tree arbor, where we sate and banqueted. On the well-clothed boughs of this conspiracy of pine trees, against the resembled sunbeams were perched as many sort of shrill breasted birds as the summer hath allowed for singing men in her sylvan chapels. Who, though there were bodies without souls, and sweet resembled substances without sense, yet by the mathematical experiments of long silver pipes

secretly enrinded in the entrails of the boughs whereon they sate, and undiscernibly conveyed under their bellies into their small throats sloping, they whistled and freely caroled their natural field note. Neither went those silver pipes straight, but by many edged unsundered writhings and crinkled wanderings aside, strayed from bough to bough into an hundred throats. But into this silver pipe, so writhed and wandering aside, if any demand how the wind was breathed: forsooth, the tail of the silver pipe stretched itself into the mouth of a great pair of bellows, where it was close soldered and bailed about with iron; it could not stir or have any vent betwixt. Those bellows, with the rising and falling of leaden plummets wound up on a wheel, did beat up and down uncessantly and so gathered in wind, serving with one blast all the snarled pipes to and fro of one tree at once. But so closely were all those organizing implements obscured in the corpulent trunks of the trees, that every man there present renounced conjectures of art, and said it was done by enchantment.

One tree for his fruit bare nothing but enchain'd chirping birds, whose throats, being conduit-piped with squared narrow shells, and charged syringe-wise with searching sweet water

driven in by a little wheel for the nonce that fed it afar off, made a spirting sound such as chirping is, in bubbling upwards through the rough crannies of their closed bills. Under tuition of the shade of every tree that I have signified to be in this round hedge, on delightful leafy cloisters lay a wild tyrannous beast asleep all prostrate; under some, two together, as the dog nuzzling his nose under the neck of the deer, the wolf glad to let the lamb lie upon him to keep him warm, the lion suffering the ass to cast his leg over him, preferring one unmannerly friend before a number of crouching pick-thanks. No poisonous beast there reposed (poison was not before our parent Adam transgressed). There were no sweet-breathing panthers, that would hide their terrifying heads to betray; no men-imitating hyenas that changed their sex to seek after blood. Wolves as now when they are hungry eat earth, so then did they feed on earth only, and abstained from innocent flesh. The unicorn did not put his horn into the stream to chase away venom before he drunk, for then there was no such thing extant in water or on the earth. Serpents were as harmless to mankind as they are still one to another; the rose had no cankers, the leaves no caterpillars, the sea no sirens, the earth

no usurers. Goats then bare wool, as it is recorded in Sicily they do yet. The torrid zone was habitable; only jays loved to steal gold and silver to build their nests withal, and none cared for covetous clientry, or running to the Indies. As the elephant understands his country's speech, so every beast understood what man spoke. The ant did not hoard up against winter, for there was no winter, but a perpetual spring, as Ovid sayeth. No frosts to make the green almond tree counted rash and improvident, in budding soonest of all other; or the mulberry tree a strange politician, in blooming late and ripening early. The peach tree at the first planting was fruitful and wholesome, whereas now, till it be transplanted, it is poisonous and hateful; young plants for their sap had balm, for their yellow gum, glistening amber. The evening dewed not water on flowers, but honey.

Such a golden age, such a good age, such an honest age was set forth in this banqueting house. O Rome, if thou hast in thee such soul-exalting objects, what a thing is heaven in comparison of thee? Of which Mercator's globe is a perfecter model than thou art; yet this I must say to the shame of us Protestants: if good works may merit heaven, they do them—we talk of them.

Whether superstition or no makes them unprofitable servants, let that pulpits decide; but there you shall have the bravest ladies, in gowns of beaten gold, washing pilgrims' and poor soldiers' feet, and doing nothing, they and their waiting-maids, all the year long, but making shirts and bands for them against they come by in distress. Their hospitals are more like noblemen's houses than otherwise, so richly furnished, clean-kept and hot-perfumed that a soldier would think it sufficient recompense for all his travail and his wounds to have such a heavenly retiring place. For the Pope and his pontificalibus I will not deal with; only I will dilate unto you what happened whilst I was in Rome.

So it fell out, that it being a vehement hot summer when I was a sojourner there, there entered such a hot-spurred plague as hath not been heard of. Why, it was but a word and a blow: Lord have mercy upon us!—and he was gone! Within three quarters of a year in that one city there died of it a hundred thousand: look in Lanquet's Chronicle and you shall find it. To smell of a nosegay that was poisoned and turn your nose to a house that had the plague, it was all one. The clouds like a number of cormorants that keep their corn till it stink and is musty, kept in their stinking exhalations till they had

almost stifled all Rome's inhabitants. Physicians' greediness of gold made them greedy of their destiny. They would come to visit those with whose infirmity their art had no affinity, and even as a man with a fee should be hired to hang himself, so would they quietly go home and die presently after they had been with their patients.

All day and all night long, carmen did nothing but go up and down the streets and cry, "Have you any dead bodies to bury?"—and had many times out of one house their whole loading. One grave was the sepulchre of seven score, one bed was the altar whereon whole families were offered. The walls were hoard and furred with the moist, scorching steam of their desolation. Even as before a gun is shot off, a stinking smoke funnels out and prepares the way for him, so before any gave up the ghost, death, arrayed in a stinking smoke, stopped his nostrils and crammed itself full into his mouth that closed up his fellow's eyes, to give him warning to prepare for his funeral. Some died sitting at their meat, others as they were asking counsel of the physician for their friends. I saw at the house where I was hosted a maid bring her master warm broth for to comfort him, and she sink down dead herself ere he had half eat it up.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Jack is robbed of his mistress, beholds the dreadful rape of Heraclide, and narrowly escapes hanging.

DURING this time of visitation there was a Spaniard, one Esdras of Granado, a notable bandetto authorized by the Pope because he had assisted him in some murders. This villain colleagued with one Bartol, a desperate Italian, practised to break into those rich men's houses in the night, where the plague had most reigned, and if there were none but the mistress and maid left alive, to ravish them both, and bring away all the wealth they could fasten on. In an hundred chief citizens' houses where the hand of God had been, they put this outrage in ure. Though the women so ravished cried out, none durst come near them for fear of catching their deaths by them, and some thought they cried out only with the tyranny of the malady.

Amongst the rest, the house where I lay he invaded, where all being snatched up by sickness but the good wife of the house, a noble and chaste matron called Heraclide, and her zany,

and I and my courtesan, he, knocking at the door late in the night, ran into the matron, and left me and my love to the mercy of his companion. Who, finding me in bed (as the time required) ran at me full with his rapier, thinking I would resist him, but as good luck was, I escaped him and betook me to my pistol in the window uncharged. He, fearing it had been charged, threatened to run her through if I once offered but to aim at him. Forth the chamber he dragged her, holding his rapier at her heart, whilst I cried out, "Save her; kill me, and I'll ransom her with a thousand ducats!" But lust prevailed; no prayers would be heard.

Into my chamber I was locked, and watchmen charged (as he made semblance, when there was none there) to knock me down with their halberds if I stirred but a foot down the stairs. Then threw I myself pensive again on my pallet and dared all the devils in hell, now I was alone, to come and fight with me one after another in defense of that detestable rape. I beat my head against the walls and called them bawds because they would see such a wrong committed and not fall upon him.

To return to Heraclide below, whom the ugliest of all bloodsuckers, Esdras of Granado, had

under shrift. First he assailed her with rough means, and slew her zany at her foot, that stepped before her in rescue. Then when all armed resist was put to flight, he assayed her with honey speech, and promised her more jewels and gifts than he was able to pilfer in an hundred years after. He discoursed unto her how he was countenanced and borne out by the Pope, and how many execrable murders with impunity he had executed on them that displeased him.

“This is the eight-score house,” quoth he, “that hath done homage unto me, and here I will prevail, or I will be torn in pieces!”

“Ah,” quoth Heraclide, with a heartrending sigh, “art thou ordained to be a worse plague to me than the plague itself? Have I escaped the hands of God, to fall into the hands of man? Hear me, Jehovah, and be merciful in ending my misery! Dispatch me incontinent, dissolute homicide, death’s usurper! Here lies my husband, stone cold on the dewy floor. If thou beest of more power than God, to strike me speedily, strike home, strike deep, send me to heaven with my husband. Aye me, it is the spoil of my honor thou seekest in my soul’s troubled departure; thou art some devil sent to tempt me. Avoid from me, Satan; my soul is my Savior’s;

to Him have I bequeathed it; from Him can no man take it. Jesu, Jesu! Spare me undefiled for thy spouse! Jesu, Jesu! Never fail those that put their trust in thee!"

With that she fell in a swoon, and her eyes in their closing seemed to spawn forth in their outward sharp corners new-created seed-pearl, which the world never before set eye on. Soon he rigorously revived her, and told her that he had a charter above scripture; she must yield, she should yield. See who durst remove her out of his hands!

Twixt life and death thus faintly she replied, "How thinkest thou, is there a power above thy power? If there be, he is here present in punishment, and on thee will take present punishment if thou persist in thy enterprise. In the time of security, every man sinneth, but when death substitutes one friend his special bailey to arrest another by infection, and disperseth his quiver into ten thousand hands at once, who is it but looks about him? A man that hath an inevitable huge stone hanging only by a hair over his head, which he looks every Paternoster-while to fall and bash him in pieces, will not he be submissively sorrowful for his transgressions, refrain himself from the least thought of folly, and puri-

fy his spirit with contrition and penitence? God's hand like a huge stone hangs inevitably over thy head; what is the plague, but Death playing the Provost Marshal, to execute all those that will not be called home by any other means? This my dear knight's body is a quiver of his arrows which already are shot into thee invisibly. Even as the age of goats is known by the knots on their horns, so think the anger of God apparently visioned or shown unto thee in the knitting of my brows. A hundred have I buried out of my house, at all whose departures I have been present; a hundred's infection is mixed with my breath; lo, now I breathe upon thee, a hundred deaths come upon thee. Repent betimes; imagine there is a hell, though not a heaven; that hell thy conscience is thoroughly acquainted with, if thou hast murdered half so many as thou unblushingly braggest. As Mæcenas in the latter end of his days was seven years without sleep, so these seven weeks have I took no slumber. My eyes have kept continual watch upon the devil my enemy; death I deemed my friend (friends fly from us in adversity); death, the devil, and all the ministering spirits of temptation are watching about thee to entrap thy soul (by my abuse) to eternal damnation. It is thy

soul thou must save, only by saving mine honor. Death will have thy body infallibly for breaking into my house, that he had selected for his private habitation. If thou ever camest of a woman, pity a woman! Deers oppressed with dogs, when they cannot take soil, run to men for succor; to whom should women in their disconsolate and desperate estate run, but to men (like the deer) for succor and sanctuary? If thou be a man, thou wilt succor me; but if thou be a dog and a brute beast, thou wilt spoil me, defile me, and tear me. Either renounce God's image, or renounce the wicked mind thou bearest!"

These words might have moved a compound heart of iron and adamant, but in his heart they obtained no impression; for he was sitting in his chair of state against the door, all the while that she pleaded; leaning his overhanging gloomy eyebrows on the pommel of his unsheathed sword, he never looked up or gave her a word. But when he perceived she expected his answer of grace or utter perdition, he start up and took her currishly by the neck, asking how long he should stay for her Ladyship.

"Thou tellest me," quoth he, "of the plague, and the heavy hand of God, and thy hundred in-

fectured breaths in one. I tell thee I have cast the dice an hundred times for the galleys in Spain, and yet still missed the ill chance. Our order of casting is this: If there be a general or captain new come home from the wars, and hath some four or five hundred crowns overplus of the King's in his hand, and his soldiers all paid, he makes proclamation that whatsoever two resolute men will go to dice for it, and win the bridle or lose the saddle, to such a place let them repair, and it shall be ready for them. Thither go I, and find another such needy squire resident. The dice run, I win, he is undone. I winning have the crowns, he losing is carried to the galleys. This is our custom, which a hundred times and more hath paid me custom of crowns when the poor fellows have gone to Gehenna, had coarse bread and whipping-cheer all their life after.

“Now, thinkest thou that I who so oft have escaped such a number of hellish dangers, only depending upon the turning of a few pricks, can be scare-budged with the plague? What plague canst thou name worse than I have had? Whether diseases, imprisonment, poverty, banishment—I have passed through them all. My

own mother gave I a box of the ear too, and brake her neck down a pair of stairs, because she would not go in to a gentleman when I bade her; my sister I sold to an old Leno to make his best of her; any kinswoman that I have—knew I she were not a whore?—myself would make her one! Thou art a whore; thou shalt be a whore, in spite of religion or precise ceremonies.”

Therewith he flew upon her and threatened her with his sword, but it was not that he meant to wound her with. He grasped her by the ivory throat and shook her, as a mastiff would shake a young bear, swearing and staring he would tear out her weasand if she refused. Not content with that savage constraint, he slipped his sacrilegious hand from her lily lawn-skinned neck and in-scarfed it in her long silver locks, which with struggling were unrolled. Backward he dragged her, even as a man backward would pluck a tree down by the twigs, and then, like a traitor that is drawn to execution on a hurdle, he traileth her up and down the chamber by those tender untwisted braids, and setting his barbarous foot on her bare snowy breast, bade her yield or have her wind stamped out.

She cried, “Stamp, stifle me in my hair, hang

me up by it on a beam and so let me die, rather than I should go to heaven with a beam in my eye!"

"No," quoth he, "nor stamped, nor stifled, nor hanged, nor to heaven shalt thou go till I have had my will of thee! Thy busy arms in these silken fetters I'll enfold!"

Dismissing her hair from his fingers and pinioning her elbows therewithal; she struggled, she wrested, but all was in vain. So struggling and so resisting, her jewels did sweat, signifying there was poison coming towards her. On the hard boards he threw her, and used his knee as an iron ram to beat ope the two-leaved gate of her chastity. Her husband's dead body he made a pillow to his abomination.

Conjecture the rest; my words stick fast in the mire and are clean tired—would I had never undertook this tragical tale! Whatsoever is born, is born to have an end. Thus ends my tale; his whorish lust was glutted, his beastly desire satisfied; what in the house of any worth was carriageable, he put up, and went his way.

Let not your sorrow die, you that have read the proem of the narration of this elegiacal history. Show you have quick wits in sharp conceit of compassion. A woman that hath viewed

all her children sacrificed before her eyes, and after the first was slain, wiped the sword with her apron to prepare it for the cleanly murder of the second, and so on forward, till it come to the empierring of the seventeenth of her loins—will you not give her great allowance of anguish? This woman, this matron, this forsaken Heraclide, having buried fourteen children in five days, whose eyes she howlingly closed, and caught many wrinkles with funeral kisses; besides having her husband within a day after laid forth as a comfortless corse, a carrionly block that could neither eat with her, speak with her, nor weep with her, is she not to be borne withal, though her body swell with a tympany of tears, though her speech be as impatient as unhappy Hecuba's, though her head raves and her brain dote? Devise with yourselves that you see a corse rising from his hearse after he is carried to church, and such another suppose Heraclide to be, rising from the couch of enforced adultery.

Her eyes were dim, her cheeks bloodless, her breath smelt earthy, her countenance was ghastly. Up she rose after she was deflowered; but loath she arose, as a reprobate soul rising to the Day of Judgment. Looking on the tone

side as she rose, she spied her husband's body lying under her head. Ah, then she bewailed, as Cephalus when he had killed Procris unwittingly, or Ædipus when ignorantly he had slain his father and known his mother incestuously: this was her subdued reason's discourse:

“Have I lived to make my husband's body the bier to carry me to hell? Had filthy pleasure no other pillow to lean upon but his spreaded limbs? On thy flesh my fault shall be imprinted at the Day of Resurrection! O Beauty, the bait ordained to ensnare the irreligious! Rich men are robbed for their wealth; women are dishonored for being too fair. No blessing is beauty, but a curse; cursed be the time that ever I was begotten; cursed be the time that my mother brought me forth to tempt! The serpent in Paradise did no more; the serpent in Paradise is damned sempiternally—why should not I hold myself damned (if predestination's opinions be true) that am predestinate to this horrible abuse? The hog dieth presently if he loseth an eye; with the hog have I wallowed in the mire; I have lost my eye of honesty; it is clean plucked out with a strong hand of unchastity: what remaineth but I die? Die I will, though life be unwilling; no recompense is there

for me to redeem my compelled offence, but with a rigorous compelled death. Husband, I'll be thy wife in heaven! Let not thy pure deceased spirit despise me when we meet because I am tyrannously polluted. The Devil, the belier of our frailty, and common accuser of mankind, cannot accuse me though he would, of unconstrained submitting. If any guilt be mine, this is my fault, that I did not deform my face ere it should so impiously allure!"

Having passioned thus awhile, she hastily ran and looked herself in the glass, to see if her sin were not written on her forehead. With looking she blushed; though none looked upon her but her own reflected image. Then began she again: "*Heu quam difficile est crimen non podere vultu*: How hard it is not to bewray a man's fault by his forehead! Myself do but behold myself, and yet I blush; then God beholding me, shall not I be ten times more ashamed? The angels shall hiss at me, the saints and martyrs fly from me; yea, God Himself shall add to the Devil's damnation, because he suffered such a wicked creature to come before him. Agamemnon, thou wert an infidel, yet when thou wentst to the Trojan War, thou leftst a musician at home with thy wife, who by playing the foot *spondæus* till thy re-

turn, might keep her in chastity. My husband, going to war with the Devil and his enticements, when he surrendered left no musician with me but mourning and melancholy; had he left any, as Ægisthus killed Agamemnon's musician ere he could be successful, so surely would he have been killed ere this Ægisthus surceased. My distressed heart, as the hart whenas he loseth his horns is astonied and sorrowfully runneth to hide himself, so be thou afflicted and distressed! Hide thyself under the Almighty's wing of mercy! Sue, plead, entreat; grace is never denied to them that ask. It may be denied; I may be a vessel ordained to dishonor.

"The only repeal we have from God's indefinite chastisement, is to chastise ourselves in this world—and I will. Nought but death be my penance! Gracious and acceptable may it be; my hand and my knife shall manumit me out of the horror of mind I endure. Farewell, life, that hast lent me nothing but sorrow! Farewell, sin-sowed flesh, that hast more weeds than flowers, more woes than joys. Point, pierce! Edge, enwiden!—I patiently afford thee a sheath. Spur forth my soul to mount post to heaven! Jesu, forgive me, Jesu, receive me!"

So, thoroughly stabbed, fell she down, and

knocked her head against her husband's body. Wherewith he, not having been aired his full four and twenty hours, start as out of a dream, whiles I through a cranny of my upper chamber unsealed had beheld all this sad spectacle. Awakening, he rubbed his head to and fro, and wiping his eyes with his hand began to look about him. Feeling something lie heavy on his breast, he turned it off and, getting upon his legs, lighted a candle.

Here beginneth my purgatory. For he, good man, coming into the hall with the candle and spying his wife with her hair about her ears, defiled and massacred, and his simple zany Capestrano run through, took a halberd in his hand and running from chamber to chamber to search who in his house was likely to do it, at length found me lying on my bed, the door locked to me on the outside, and my rapier unsheathed in the window, wherewith he straight conjectured it was I. And calling the neighbors hard by, said, I had caused myself to be locked into my chamber after that sort, sent away my courtesan whom I called my wife, and made clean my rapier because I would not be suspected.

Upon this I was laid in prison; should have been hanged; was brought to the ladder; had

made a ballad for my farewell in a readiness, called *Wilton's Wantonness*—and yet for all that, scaped dancing in a hempen circle. He that hath gone through many perils and returned safe from them, makes but a merriment to dilate them. I had the knot under my ear; there was fair play. The hangman had one halter; another about my neck was fastened to the gallows. The riding device was almost thrust home, and his foot on my shoulder to press me down, when I made my saint-like confession you have heard before, that such and such men at such an hour brake into the house, slew the zany, took my courtesan, locked me into my chamber, ravished Heraclide, and finally how she slew herself.

Present at the execution was there a banished English Earl who, hearing that a countryman of his was to suffer for such a notable murder, came to hear his confession, and see if he knew him. He had not heard me tell half of that I have recited, but he craved audience and desired the execution might be stayed.

“Not two days since it is, gentlemen and noble Romans,” said he, “since, going to be let blood in a barber’s shop against the infection, all on a sudden in a great tumult and uproar was there brought in one Bartol, an Italian, grievously

wounded and bloody. I, seeming to commiserate his harms, courteously questioned him with what ill debtors he had met, or how or by what casualty he came to be so arrayed. 'Oh,' quoth he, 'long have I lived sworn brothers in sensuality with one Esdras of Granado: five hundred rapes and murders have we committed betwixt us. When our iniquities were grown to the height and God had determined to countercheck our amity, we came to the house of Johannas de Imola,' (whom this young gentleman hath named); there did he justify all those rapes in manner and form as the prisoner here hath confessed. But lo, an accident after, which neither he nor this audience is privy to: Esdras of Granado, not content to have ravished the matron Heraclide and robbed her, after he had betook him from thence to his heels, lighted on his companion Bartol with his courtesan, whose pleasing face he had scarce winkingly glanced on, but he picked a quarrel with Bartol to have her from him. On this quarrel they fought; Bartol was wounded to the death, Esdras fled, and the fair dame left to go whither she would. This Bartol in the barber's shop freely acknowledged, as both the barber and his man and other here present can amply depose."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Wilton disregards the advice of his rescuer and falls into a ghastly predicament.

DEPOSED they were, their oaths went for current, I was quit by proclamation. To the banished earl I came to render thanks, when thus he examined and schooled me:

“Countryman, tell me what is the occasion of thy straying so far out of England, to visit this strange nation? If it be languages, thou mayest learn them at home; nought but lasciviousness is to be learned here. Perhaps, to be better accounted of than other of thy condition, thou ambitiously undertakest this voyage; these insolent fancies are but Icarus’ feathers whose wanton wax melted against the sun, will betray thee into a sea of confusion. The first traveler was Cain, and he was called a vagabond renegade on the face of the earth. Travel (like the travail wherein smiths put wild horses when they shoe them) is good for nothing but to tame and bring men under. God had no greater curse to lay upon the Israelites than by leading them

out of their own country to live as slaves in a strange land. That which was their curse, we Englishmen count our chief blessedness: he is nobody that hath not traveled. We had rather live as slaves in another land, crouch and cap, and be servile to every jealous Italian's and proud Spaniard's humor, where we may neither speak, look, nor do anything but what pleaseth them, than live as freemen and lords in our own country.

“He that is a traveler must have the back of an ass to bear all, a tongue like the tail of a dog to flatter all, the mouth of a hog to eat what is set before him, the ear of a merchant to hear all and say nothing—and if this be not the highest step of thralldom, there is no liberty or freedom. It is but a mild kind of subjection to be the servant of one master at once, but when thou hast a thousand thousand masters, as the veriest botcher, tinker or cobbler freeborn will domineer over a foreigner and think to be his better or master in company, then thou shalt find there is no such hell as to leave thy father's house, thy natural habitation, to live in the land of bondage.

“If thou dost but lend half a look to a Roman's or Italian's wife, thy porridge shall be pre-

pared for thee, and cost thee nothing but thy life. Chance some of them break a bitter jest on thee and thou retortest it severely or seemest discontented, go to thy chamber and provide a great banquet, for thou shalt be sure to be visited with guests in a mask the next night, when in kindness and courtship thy throat shall be cut and the doers return undiscovered. Nothing so long of memory as a dog: these Italians are old dogs, and will carry an injury a whole age in memory. I have heard of a box on the ear that hath been revenged thirty year after. The Neapolitan carrieth the bloodiest mind and is the most secret fleering murderer: whereupon it is grown to a common proverb, 'I'll give him the Neapolitan shrug,' when one intends to play the villain and make no boast of it.

"The only precept that a traveler hath most use of and shall find most ease in, is that of Epicharchus: *Vigila, et memor sis ne quid credas*: 'Believe nothing, trust no man, yet seem thou as thou swallowedst all, suspectedst none, but wert easy to be gulled by everyone.' *Multi fallere docuerunt* (as Seneca saith) *dum timent falli*: 'Many by showing their jealous suspect of deceit, have made men seek more subtle means to deceive them.'

“Alas, our Englishmen are the plainest-dealing souls that ever God put life in: they are greedy of news and love to be fed in their humors and hear themselves flattered the best that may be. Even as Philemon, a comic poet, died with extreme laughter at the conceit of seeing an ass eat figs, so have the Italians no such sport as to see poor English asses, how soberly they swallow Spanish figs, devour any hook baited for them. He is not fit to travel that cannot with the Canadians live on serpents, make nourishing food even of poison. Rats and mice engender by licking one another; he must lick, he must crouch, he must cog, lie and prate, that either in the Court or a foreign country will engender and come to preferment. Be his feature what it will, if he be fairspoken he winneth friends. *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses*: ‘Ulysses the long traveler was not amiable but eloquent.’ Some allege they travel to learn wit, but I am of this opinion, that as it is not possible for any man to learn the Art of Memory, whereof Tully, Quintilian, Seneca and Hermannus Buschius have written so many books, except he have a natural memory before, so is it not possible for any man to attain any great wit by travel, except he have the grounds of it rooted in him be-

fore. That wit which is thereby to be perfected or made staid is nothing but *experientia longa malorum*, the experience of many evils: the experience that such a man lost his life by this folly, another by that; such a young gallant consumed his substance on such a courtesan; these courses of revenge a merchant of Venice took against a merchant of Ferrara; and this point of justice was showed by the Duke upon the murderer. What is here but we may read in books, and a great deal more too, without stirring our feet out of a warm study?

*“Vobis alii ventorum prælia narrent (saith Ovid),
Quasque Scilla infestat, quasque Charybdis aquas.*

Let others tell you wonders of the wind,
How Scylla or Charybdis is inclined.

—vos quod quisque loquetur

Credite. Believe you what they say, but never try.

So let others tell you strange accidents, treasons, poisonings, close packings in France, Spain and Italy; it is no harm for you to hear of them, but come not near them.

“What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in fellowship, perfect slovenry, to love no man but for my pleasure, to swear ‘*Ah, par la mort Dieu*’ when a

man's hams are scabbed? For the idle traveler (I mean not the soldier), I have known some that have continued there by the space of half a dozen years, and when they come home, they have hid a little weerish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of gray paper, and spoke English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, save learnt to distinguish of the true Bordeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from the wine of Orleans; yea, and peradventure this also, to esteem of the pox as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

“From Spain what bringeth our traveler? A skull-crowned hat of the fashion of an old deep porringer, a diminutive alderman's ruff with short strings like the droppings of a man's nose, a close-bellied doublet coming down with a peak behind as far as the cropper and cut off before by the breast-bone like a partlet or neckercher, a wide pair of gascoignes ¹ which ungathered would make a couple of women's riding kirtles, huge hangers that have half a cowhide in them, a rapier that is lineally descended from half a dozen

¹ Breeches.

dukes at the least. Let his cloak be as long or as short as you will: if long, it is faced with a Turkey grogeran raveled; if short, it hath a cape like a calf's tongue and is not so deep in his whole length, nor hath so much cloth in it, I will justify, as only the standing cape of a Dutchman's cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either shoe as much taffaty for his tyings as would serve for an ancient, which serveth him (if you will have the mystery of it) of the own accord for a shoe-rag. A soldier and a braggart he is (that's concluded); he jetteth strutting, dancing on his toes with his hands under his sides. If you talk with him, he makes a dishcloth of his own country in comparison of Spain, but if you urge him more particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no instance but in Spain they have better bread than any we have; when (poor hungry slaves) they may crumble it into water well enough and make mizers with it, for they have not a good morsel of meat, except it be salt pilchers to eat with it all the year long; and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in the foul straw every night.

"Italy, the Paradise of the earth, and the epicure's heaven, how doth it form our young master? It makes him to kiss his hand like an

ape, cringe his neck like a starveling, and play at hey-pass, re-pass, come-aloft, when he salutes a man. From thence he brings the art of Atheism, the art of epicurising, the art of whoring, the art of poisoning, the art of Sodomitry. The only probable good thing they have, to keep us from utterly condemning it, is that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet-knight: which is, by interpretation, a fine close lecher, a glorious hypocrite. It is now a privy note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to say he hath been in Italy.

“With the Dane and the Dutchman I will not encounter, for they are simple honest men, that with Danaus’ daughters do nothing but fill bottomless tubs, and will be drunk and snort in the midst of dinner. He hurts himself only that goes thither; he cannot lightly be damned, for the vintners, the brewers, the malt-men and ale-wives pray for him. Pitch and pay, they will pray all day; score and borrow, they will wish him much sorrow. But lightly a man is ne’er the better for their prayers, for they commit all deadly sin, for the most part of them, in mingling their drink; the vintners in the greatest degree.

“Why jest I in such a necessary persuasive dis-

course? I am a banished exile from my own country, though near-linked in consanguinity to the best: an Earl born by birth, but a beggar now as thou seest. These many years in Italy have I lived an outlaw. A while I had a liberal pension of the Pope, but that lasted not, for he continued not; one succeeded him in his chair that cared neither for Englishmen nor his own countrymen. Then was I driven to pick up my crumbs among the Cardinals, to implore the benevolence and charity of all the Dukes of Italy, whereby I have since made a poor shift to live; but so live, as I wish myself a thousand times dead.

"Cum patriam amisi, tunc me periisse putato:
When I was banished, think I caught my bane.

The sea is the native soil to fishes; take fishes from the sea, they take no joy, nor thrive, but perish straight. So likewise the birds removed from the air (the abode whereto they were born), the beasts from the earth, and I from England. Can a lamb take delight to be suckled at the breasts of a she-wolf? I am a lamb nourished with the milk of wolves, one that, with the Ethiopians inhabiting over against Meroe, feed on nothing but scorpions. Use is another nature,

yet ten times more contentive were nature restored to her kingdome from whence she is excluded. Believe me, no air, no bread, no fire, no water doth a man any good out of his own country. Cold fruits never prosper in a hot soil, nor hot in a cold. Let no man for any transitory pleasure sell away the inheritance he hath of breathing in the place where he was born.

“Get thee home, my young lad; lay thy bones peaceably in the sepulchre of thy fathers, wax old in overlooking thy grounds, be at hand to close the eyes of thy kindred. The devil and I am desperate: he of being restored to heaven, I of being recalled home.”

Here he held his peace and wept. I, glad of any opportunity of a full point to part with him, told him I took his counsel in worth; what lay in me to requite in love should not be lacking. Some business that concerned me highly called me away very hastily, but another time I hoped we should meet. Very hardly he let me go, but I earnestly over pleading my occasions, at length he dismissed me, told me where his lodging was, and charged me to visit him without excuse very often.

“Here’s a stir!” thought I to myself, after I was set at liberty, “that is worse than an up-

braiding lesson after a britching! Certainly if I had bethought me like a rascal as I was, he should have had an Ave-Mary of me for his cynic exhortation." God plagued me for deriding such a grave fatherly advertiser. List the worst throw of ill lucks:

Tracing up and down the city to seek my courtesan till the evening began to grow very well in age, it thus fortune'd: the element, as if it had drunk too much in the afternoon, poured down so profoundly that I was forced to creep like one afraid of the watch, close under the pen-tices, where the cellar-door of a Jew's house called Zadoch (over which in my direct way I did pass) being unbarred on the inside, over head and ears I fell into it, as a man falls in a ship from the oreloop ¹ into the hold, or as in an earthquake the ground should open, and a blind man come feeling pad-pad over the open gulf with his staff, should tumble on a sudden into hell. Having worn out the anguish of my fall a little with wallowing up and down, I cast up mine eyes to see under what Continent I was—and lo! O Destiny, I saw my courtesan kissing very lovingly with a prentice.

My back and my sides I had hurt with my

¹ Lowest deck.

fall, but now my head swelled and ached ¹ worse than both. I was even gathering wind to come upon her with a full blast of contumely, when the Jew, awaked with the noise of my fall, came hastily bustling down the stairs, and raising his other tenants, attached both the courtesan and me for breaking his house and conspiring with his prentice to rob him.

It was then the law in Rome, that if any man had a felon fallen into his hands, either by breaking into his house or robbing him by the highway, he might choose whether he would make him his bondman, or hang him. Zadoch, as all Jews are covetous, casting with himself he should have no benefit by casting me off the ladder, had another policy in his head. He went to one Doctor Zachary, the Pope's physician, that was a Jew and his countryman likewise, and told him he had the finest bargain for him that might be.

"It is not concealed from me," saith he, "that the time of your accustomed yearly Anatomy is at hand, which it behooves you under forfeiture of the foundation of your College very carefully to provide for. The infection is great, and hardly will you get a sound body to deal upon:

¹ *I.e.*, with the sprouting of a cuckold's horns.

you are my countryman, therefore I come to you first. Be it known unto you, I have a young man at home, fallen to me for my bondman, of the age of eighteen, of stature tall, straight-limbed, of as clear a complexion as any painter's fancy can imagine. Go to, you are an honest man, and one of the scattered children of Abraham. You shall have him for five hundred crowns."

"Let me see him," quoth Doctor Zachary, "and I will give you as much as another."

Home he sent for me; pinioned and shackled I was transported amongst the street, where, passing under Juliana's, the Marquess of Mantua's wife's window, that was a lusty *bona roba*, one of the Pope's concubines, as she had her casement half open, she looked out and spied me. At the first sight, she was enamored of my age and beardless face, that had in it no sign of physiognomy fatal to fetters. After me she sent, to know what I was, wherein I had offended, and whither I was going. My conducts resolved them all. She, having received this answer, with a lustful collachrymation lamenting my Jewish præmunire, that body and goods I should light into the hands of such a cursed generation, invented the means of my release.

But first I'll tell you what betided me after I was brought to Doctor Zachary's. The pur-

blind Doctor put on his spectacles and looked upon me, and when he had thoroughly viewed my face, he caused me to be stripped naked, to feel and grope whether each limb were sound, and my skin not infected. Then he pierced my arm to see how my blood ran. Which assays and searchings ended, he gave Zadoch his full price and sent him away, then locked me up in a dark chamber till the day of the Anatomy.

Oh, the cold sweating cares which I conceived after I knew I should be cut like a French summer doublet! Methought already the blood began to gush out at my nose. If a flea on the arm had but bit me, I deemed the instrument had pricked me. Well, well, I may scoff at a shrewd turn, but there's no such ready way to make a man a true Christian as to persuade himself he is taken up for an Anatomy. I'll depose I prayed then more than I did in seven years before. Not a drop of sweat trickled down my breast and my sides but I dreamt it was a smooth-edged razor tenderly slicing down my breast and sides. If any knocked at door, I supposed it was the beadle of Surgeons' Hall come for me. In the night I dreamed of nothing but phlebotomy, bloody fluxes, incarnatives, running ulcers. I durst not let out a wheal for fear through it I should bleed to death. For meat in this distance,

I had plum-porridge of purgations ministered me one after another to clarify my blood, that it should not lie clotted in the flesh. Nor did he it so much for clarifying physic, as to save charges.

Miserable is that mouse that lives in a physician's house; Tantalus lives not so hunger-starved in hell, as she doth there. Not the very crumbs that fell from his table, but Zachary sweeps together, and of them molds up a manna. Of the ashy parings of his bread he would make conserve of chippings. Out of bones after the meat was eaten off he would alchemise an oil, that he sold for a shilling a dram. His snot and spittle a hundred times he hath put over to his apothecary for snow-water. Any spider he would temper to perfect mithridate. His rheumatic eyes when he went in the wind or rose early in the morning, dropped as cool alum water as you would request. He was Dame Niggardize's sole heir and executor. A number of old books had he, eaten with the moths and worms: now all day would not he study a dodkin, but pick those worms and moths out of his library, and of their mixture make a preservative against the plague. The liquor out of his shoes he would wring to make a sacred Balsamum against barrenness.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Escaping the dissecting-knife of the Jewish physician, he falls into the arms of the Countess.

SPARE we him a line or two, and look back to Juliana, who conflicted in her thoughts about me very doubtfully, adventured to send a messenger to Doctor Zachary in her name, very boldly to beg me of him, and if she might not beg me, to buy me with what sums of money soever he would ask. Zachary Jewishly and churlishly denied both her suits, and said if there were no more Christians on the earth, he would thrust his incision-knife into his throat-bowl immediately. Which reply she taking at his hands most despitefully, thought to cross him over the shins with as sore an overward blow ere a month to an end.

The Pope (I know not whether at her entreaty or no) within two days after fell sick. Doctor Zachary was set for to minister unto him, who, seeing a little danger in his water, gave him a gentle comfortive for the stomach, and desired those near about him to persuade His Holiness

to take some rest, and he doubted not but he would be forthwith well. Who should receive this mild physic of him but the concubine Juliana, his utter enemy! She, being not unprovided of strong poison at that instant, in the Pope's outward chamber so mingled it that when his Grand-Sublimity-Taster came to relish it, he sunk down stark dead on the pavement. Herewith the Pope called Juliana and asked her what strong-concocted broth she had brought him. She kneeled down on her knees and said it was such as Zachary the Jew had delivered her with his own hands, and therefore if it misliked His Holiness she craved pardon. The Pope, without further sifting into the matter, would have had Zachary and all the Jews in Rome put to death, but she hung about his knees, and with crocodile tears desired him the sentence might be lenified, and they be all banished at the most.

"For Doctor Zachary," quoth she, "your ten-times ungrateful physician, since notwithstanding his treacherous intent he hath much art, and many sovereign simples, oils, gargarisms and syrups in his closet and house, that may stand Your Mightiness in stead, I beg all his goods only, for Your Beatitude's preservation and good."

This request at the first was sealed with a kiss, and the Pope's edict without delay proclaimed throughout Rome, namely, that all fore-skin-clippers, whether male or female, belonging to the old Jewry, should depart and avoid upon pain of hanging within twenty days after the date thereof.

Juliana, two days before the proclamation came out, sent her servants to extend upon Zachary's territories, his goods, his movables, his chattels and his servants; who performed their commission to the utmost title, and left him not so much as master of an old urinal-case or a candle-box. It was about six o'clock in the evening when those boot-halers entered. Into my chamber they rushed, when I sate leaning on my elbow and my left hand under my side, devising what a kind of death it might be, to be let blood till a man die. I called to mind the assertion of some philosophers, who said the soul was nothing but blood. Then, thought I, what a thing were this, if I should let my soul fall and break his neck into a basin! I had but a pimple, rose with heat in that part of the vein where they use to prick, and I fearfully misdeemed it was my soul searching for passage. Fie upon it! A man's breath to be let out at a back door, what a vil-

lainy it is! To die bleeding is all one, as if a man should die pissing. Good drink makes good blood, so that piss is nothing but blood under age. Seneca and Lucan were lobcocks to choose that death of all other; a pig or a hog or any edible brute beast a cook or a butcher deals upon, dies bleeding. To die with a prick, wherewith the faintest-hearted woman under heaven would not be killed—O God, it is infamous!

In this meditation did they seize upon me. In my cloak they muffled me that no man might know me, nor I see which way I was carried. The first ground I touched after I was out of Zachary's house was the Countess Juliana's chamber; little did I surmise that fortune reserved me to so fair a death. I made no other reckoning all the while they had me on their shoulders, but that I was on horseback to heaven, and carried to church on a bier, excluded forever from drinking any more ale or beer.

Juliana scornfully questioned them thus (as if I had fallen into her hands beyond expectation): "What proper apple-squire¹ is this you bring so suspiciously into my chamber? What hath he done, or where had you him?"

They answered likewise afar off, that in one

¹ Pimp.

of Zachary's chambers they found him close prisoner, and thought themselves guilty of the breach of her Ladyship's commandment if they should have left him.

"Oh," quoth she, "ye love to be double-diligent, or thought peradventure that I being a lone woman, stood in need of a love. Bring you me a princocks beardless boy (I know not whence he is, nor whither he would) to call my name in suspense? I tell you, you have abused me, and I can hardly brook it at your hands. You should have led him to the magistrate; no commission received you of me but for his goods and his servants."

They besought her to excuse their error, proceeding of duteous zeal, no negligent default.

"But why should not I conjecture the worst?" quoth she. "I tell you troth, I am half in a jealousy, he is some fantastic youngster who hath hired you to dishonor me. It is a likely matter that such a man as Zachary should make a prison of his house! By your leave, Sir Gallant, under lock and key shall you stay with me, till I have inquired farther of you. You shall be sifted thoroughly ere you and I part. Go, maid, show him to the farther chamber at the end of the gallery that looks into the garden. You, my

trim panders, I pray guard him thither as you took pains to bring him hither. When you have so done, see the doors be made fast and come your way."

Here was a wily wench had her liripoop ¹ without book; she was not to seek in her knacks and shifts. Such are all women: each of them hath a cloak for the rain, and can blear her husband's eyes as she list.

¹ Lesson.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Treats of the machinations of the Jews, and of how two women contrived their downfall.

NOT too much of this Madam Marquess at once; let me dilate a little what Zadoch did with my courtesan after he had sold me to Zachary. Of an ill tree I hope you are not so ill sighted in grafting to expect good fruit: he was a Jew, and entreated her like a Jew. Under shadow of enforcing her to tell how much money she had of his prentice, so to be trained to his cellar, he stripped her, and scourged her from top to toe tantara. Day by day he digested his meat with leading her the measures. A diamond Delphinical dry lecher it was.

The Ballet of the Whipper of late days here in England was but a scoff in comparison of him. All the colliers of Rumford, who hold their corporation by yarking the blind bear at Paris garden, were but bunglers to him. He had the right agility of the lash; there were none of them could make the cord come aloft with a twang half like him.

Mark the ending; mark the ending! The tribe of Judah is adjudged from Rome to be trudging; they may no longer be lodged there. All the Albumazers, Rabisacks, Gedeons, Tebiths, Benhadads, Benrodans, Zedechias—halies of them were bankrupts and turned out of house and home. Zachary came running to Zadoch's in sackcloth and ashes presently after his goods were confiscated, and told him how he was served, and what decree was coming out against them all.

Descriptions, stand by: here is to be expressed the fury of Lucifer when he was turned over heaven-bar for a wrangler. There is a toad-fish which, taken out of the water, swells more than one would think his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that toucheth him. So swelled Zadoch, and was ready to burst out of his skin and shoot his bowels like chain-shot full at Zachary's face for bringing him such baleful tidings. His eyes glared and burned blue, like brimstone and *aqua vitæ* set on fire in an eggshell; his very nose lightened glow-worms; his teeth crashed and grated together like the joints of a high building cracking and rocking like a cradle whenas a tempest takes her full butt against his broad-side.

He swore; he cursed and said, "These be they that worship that crucified God of Nazareth; here's the fruits of their new-found gospel: sulphur and gunpowder carry them all quick to Gehenna! I would spend my soul willingly to have that triple-headed Pope with all his sin-absolved whores and oil-greased priests borne with a black *sanctus* on the devils' backs in procession to the pit of perdition! Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow up this Rome, this Whore of Babylon into the air with my breath! If I must be banished, if those heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poison their springs and conduit-heads whence they receive all their water round the city. I'll 'tice all the young children into my house that I can get and, cutting their throats, barrel them up in powdering beef-tubs, and send them to victual the Pope's galleys. Ere the officers come to extend, I'll bestow an hundred pound on a dole of bread, which I'll cause to be kneaded with scorpions' oil, that will kill more than the plague. I'll hire them that make their wafers or sacramentary gods, to mingle them after the same sort, so in the zeal of their superstitious religion they shall languish and droop like carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous con-

jurer that can call the winds from their brazen caves and make the clouds travel before their time, I'll give him the other hundred pounds to disturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to sour all the wines in Rome and turn them to vinegar. As long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinglingly upon them!"

"Zadoch, Zadoch," said Doctor Zachary, cutting him off, "thou threatenest the air, whilst we perish here on earth. It is the Countess Juliana, the Marquess of Mantua's wife, and no other, that hath complotted our confusion. Ask not how, but insist in my words, and assist in revenge."

"As how? As how?" said Zadoch, shrugging and shrubbing. "More happy than the patriarchs were I if, crushed to death with the greatest torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quintessenced out of me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue: shall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? If thou wilt, I'll go to a house that is infected, where, catching the plague and having got a running sore upon me, I'll come and deliver her a supplication and breathe upon her. I know my breath stinks so

already that it is within half a degree of poison: I'll pay her home if I perfect it with any more putrefaction."

"No, no, brother Zadoch," answered Zachary, "that is not the way. Canst thou provide me e'er a bondmaid, indued with singular and divine qualified beauty, whom as a present from our synagogue thou mayst commend unto her, desiring her to be good and gracious unto us?"

"I have; I am for you," quoth Zadoch. "Diamante, come forth! Here's a wench," said he, "of as clean a skin as Susanna; she hath not a wen on her flesh from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. How think you, Master Doctor, will she not serve the turn?"

"She will," said Zachary, "and therefore I'll tell you what charge I would have committed to her. But I care not if I disclose it only to her. Maid, if thou beest a maid, come hither to me: thou must be sent to the Countess of Mantua's about a small piece of service, whereby being now a bondwoman, thou shalt purchase freedom and gain a large dowry to thy marriage. I know thy master loves thee dearly, though he will not let thee perceive so much. He intends after he is dead to make thee his heir, for he hath no children; please him in that I shall instruct thee

and thou art made for ever. So it is, that the Pope is far out of liking with the Countess of Mantua his concubine, and hath put his trust in me his physician to have her quietly and charitably made away. Now I cannot intend it, for I have many cures in hand which call upon me hourly: if thou beest placed with her as her waiting-maid or cup-bearer, mayst temper poison with her broth, her meat, her drink, her oils, her syrups, and never be bewrayed. I will not say whether the Pope hath heard of thee, and thou mayst come to be his leman in her place, if thou behave thyself wisely. What, hast thou the heart to go through with it, or no?"

Diamante, deliberating with herself in what hellish servitude she lived with the Jew and that she had no likelihood to be released of it, but fall from evil to worse if she omitted this opportunity, resigned herself over wholly to be disposed and employed as seemed best unto them. Thereupon, without further consultation, her wardrobe was richly rigged, her tongue smooth-filed and new-edged on the whetstone, her drugs delivered her, and presented she was by Zadoch her master to the Countess, together with some other slight new fangles, as from the whole congregation, desiring her to stand their merciful mistress and

solicit the Pope for them, that through one man's ignorant offense were all generally in disgrace with him and had incurred the cruel sentence of loss of goods and of banishment.

Juliana, liking well the pretty round face of my black-browed Diamante, gave the Jew better countenance than otherwise she would have done and told him, for her own part she was but a private woman and could promise nothing confidently of His Holiness; for, though he had suffered himself to be overruled by her in some humors, yet in this that touched him so nearly, she knew not how he would be inclined. But what lay in her either to pacify or persuade him they should be sure of, and so craved his absence.

His back turned, she asked Diamante what countrywoman she was, what friends she had, and how she fell into the hands of that Jew? She answered that she was a Magnifico's daughter of Venice, stolen when she was young from her friends and sold to this Jew for a bondswoman, "who," quoth she, "hath used me so Jewishly and tyrannously that for ever I must celebrate the memory of this day, wherein I am delivered from his jurisdiction. Alas!" quoth she, deep sighing. "Why did I enter into any mention of my own misusage? It will be thought

that that which I am now to reveal proceeds of malice, not truth. Madam, your life is sought by these Jews that sue to you. Blush not, nor be troubled in your mind, for with warning I shall arm you against all their intentions. Thus and thus," quoth she, "said Doctor Zachary unto me; this poison he delivered me. Before I was called in to them, such and such consultation through the crevice of the door hard-locked did I hear betwixt them. Deny it if they can, I will justify it; only I beseech you to be favorable lady unto me, and let me not fall again into the hands of those vipers."

Juliana said little but thought unhappily; only she thanked her for detecting it, and vowed, though she were her bondwoman, to be a mother unto her. The poison she took of her and set it up charily on a shelf in her closet, thinking to keep it for some good purposes: as for example, when I was consumed worn to the bones through her abuse, she would give me but a dram too much, and pop me into a privy. So she had served some of her paramours ere that, and if God had not sent Diamante to be my redeemer, undoubtedly I had drunk of the same cup.

In a leaf or two, before I was locked up: here in this page the foresaid good wife Countess

comes to me; she is no longer a judge, but a client. How she came, in what manner of attire, with what immodest and uncomely words she courted me, if I should take upon me to enlarge, all modest ears would abhor me. Some inconvenience she brought me to, by her harlot-like behavior, of which enough I can never repent me.

Let that be forgiven and forgotten; fleshly delights could not make her slothful or slumbering in revenge against Zadoch. She set men about him to incense and egg him on in courses of discontentment, and other supervising espials, to ply, follow, and spur forward those suborning incensers. Both which played their parts so that Zadoch, of his own nature violent, swore by the Ark of Jehovah to set the whole city on fire ere he went out of it. Zachary, after he had furnished the wench with the poison and given her instructions to go to the devil, durst not stay one hour for fear of disclosing, but fled to the Duke of Bourbon that after sacked Rome, and there practiced with His Bastardship all the mischief against the Pope and Rome that envy could put into his mind.

Zadoch was left behind for the hangman. According to his oath he provided balls of wild-fire in a readiness, and laid trains of gunpowder

in a hundred several places of the city to blow it up; which he had set fire to and also bandied his balls abroad, if his attendant spies had not taken him with the manner. To the straightest prison in Rome he was dragged, where from top to toe he was clogged with fetters and manacles. Juliana informed the Pope of Zachary's and his practice; Zachary was sought for, but *non est inventus*: he was packing long before. Commandment was given that Zadoch, whom they had under hand and seal of lock and key, should be executed with all the fiery torments that could be found out.

I'll make short work, for I am sure I have wearied all my readers. To the execution place was he brought, where, first and foremost he was stripped, then, on a sharp iron stake fastened in the ground, he had his fundament pitched, which stake ran up along into the body like a spit—under his armholes, two of like sort. A great bonfire they made round about him, wherewith his flesh roasted, not burned; and ever as with the heat his skin blistered, the fire was drawn aside, and they basted him with a mixture of aqua fortis, alum water and mercury sublimatum, which smarted to the very soul of him and searched him to the marrow. Then did they

scourge his back parts so blistered and basted with burning whips of red-hot wire. His head they anointed over with pitch and tar, and so inflamed it. To his privy members they tied streaming fireworks. The skin from the crest of the shoulder, as also from his elbows, his hucklebones, his knees, his ankles, they plucked and gnawed off with sparkling pincers; his breast and belly with seal-skins they grated over, which, as fast as they grated and rawed, one stood over and laved with smith's cindery water and aqua vitæ, his nails they half raised up, and then under-propped them with sharp pricks like a tailor's shop window half open on a holiday; every one of his fingers they rent up to the wrist; his toes they brake off by the roots and let them still hang by a little skin. In conclusion, they had a small oil fire such as men blow light bubbles of glass with, and beginning at his feet, they let him lingeringly burn up, limb by limb, till his heart was consumed, and then he died. Triumph, women! This was the end of the whipping Jew, contrived by a woman in revenge of two women, herself and her maid.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

How Diamante and Wilton at length escaped from Rome.

I HAVE told you or I should tell you in what credit Diamante grew with her mistress. Juliana never dreamed but she was an authentional maid; she made her the chief of her bedchamber; she appointed none but her to look in to me and serve me of such necessaries as I lacked. You must suppose when we met there was no small rejoicing on either part, much like the three brothers that went three several ways to seek their fortunes, and at the year's end at those three crossways met again and told one another how they sped—so after we had been long asunder seeking our fortunes, we commented one to another most kindly what cross haps had encountered us. Ne'er a six hours but the Countess cloyed me with her company. It grew to this pass, that either I must find out some miraculous means of escape or drop away in a consumption, as one pined for lack of meat; I was clean spent and done; there was no hope of me.

The year held on his course to Doomsday, when

Saint Peter's Day dawned; that day is a day of supreme solemnity in Rome when the Ambassador of Spain comes and presents a milk-white jennet to the Pope, that kneels down upon his own accord in token of obeisance and humility before him, and lets him stride on his back as easy as one strides over a block; with this jennet is offered a rich purse of a yard length, full of Peter-pence. No music that hath the gift of utterance but sounds all the while; copes and costly vestments deck the hoarsest and beggarliest singing-man; not a clerk or sexton is absent; no, nor a mule nor a foot-cloth belonging to any cardinal but attends on the tail of the triumph. The Pope himself is borne in his pontificalibus through the Burgo (which is the chief street in Rome) to the Ambassador's house to dinner, and thither resorts all the assembly; where if a poet should spend all his lifetime in describing a banquet, he could not feast his auditors half so well with words, as he doth his guests with junkets.

To this feast Juliana addressed herself like an angel, in a litter of green needlework wrought like an arbor; and open on every side was she borne by four men, hidden under cloth rough-plushed and woven like eglantine and woodbine. At the four corners it was topped with four round

crystal cages of nightingales. For footmen, on either side of her went four virgins clad in lawn, with lutes in their hands, playing. Next before her, two and two in order, a hundred pages in suits of white cypress and long horsemen's coats of cloth of silver, who, being all in white, advanced every one of them his picture, enclosed in a white round screen of feathers, such as is carried over great princesses' heads when they ride in summer, to keep them from the heat of the sun. Before them went a fourscore beadswomen she maintained in green gowns, scattering strewing herbs and flowers. After her followed the blind, the halt and the lame, sumptuously apparelled like lords—and thus passed she on to St. Peter's.

Interea quid agitur domi: How is't at home all this while? My courtesan is left my keeper, the keys are committed unto her, she is mistress *factotum*. Against our Countess we conspire, pack up all her jewels, plate, money that was extant, and to the waterside send them; to conclude: courageously rob her, and run away. *Quid non auri sacra fames:* What defame will not gold salve? He mistook himself that invented the proverb, *Dimicandum est pro aris et focus*, for it should have been *pro auro et fama*: Not for

altars and fires we must contend, but for gold and fame.

Oars nor wind could not stir nor blow faster than we toiled out of Tiber; a number of good fellows would give size ace and the dice, that with as little toil they could leave Tyburn behind them. Out of ken we were ere the Countess came from the feast. When she returned and found her house not so much pestered ¹ as it was wont, her chests, her closets and her cupboards broke open to take air, and that both I and my keeper was missing, oh, then she fared like a frantic bacchanal! She stamped, she stared, she beat her head against the walls, scratched her face, bit her fingers, and strewed all the chamber with her hair. None of her servants durst stay in her sight, but she beat them out in heaps, and bade them go seek! search! they knew not where, and hang themselves, and never look her in the face more, if they did not hunt us out.

After her fury had reasonably spent itself, her breast began to swell with the mother ² caused by her former fretting and chafing, and she grew very ill at ease. Whereupon she knocked for one of her maids and bade her run into her closet

¹ Crowded.

² Passion.

and fetch her a little glass that stood on the upper shelf, wherein there was *spiritus vini*. The maid went, and mistaking, took the glass of poison which Diamante had given her and she kept in store for me. Coming with it as fast as her legs could carry her, her mistress at her return was in a swoon and lay for dead on the floor; whereat she shrieked out, and fell a-rubbing and chafing her very busily.

When that would not serve, she took a key and opened her mouth, and, having heard that *spiritus vini* was a thing of mighty operation, able to call a man from death to life, she took the poison and, verily thinking it to be *spiritus vini* (such as she was sent for), poured a large quantity of it into her throat, and jogged on her back to digest it. It revived her with a very vengeance, for it killed her outright; only she awakened and lift up her hands, but spake ne'er a word.

Then was the maid in my granddame's beans, and knew not what should become of her. I heard the Pope took pity on her, and because her trespass was not voluntary but chance-medley, he assigned her no other punishment but this, to drink out the rest of the poison in the glass that was left, and so go scot free.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

In which one Cutwolf, having avenged his brother's murder and Heraclide's rape, is tortured and executed —and Jack Wilton mends his ways.

WE, careless of these mischances, held on our flight, and saw no man come after us but we thought had pursued us. A thief, they say, mistakes every bush for a true man: the wind rattled not in any bush by the way as I rode, but I straight drew my rapier. To Bologna with a merry gale we posted, where we lodged ourselves in a blind street out of the way, and kept secret many days. But when we perceived we sailed in the haven, that the wind was laid and no alarum made after us, we boldly came abroad; and one day, hearing of a more desperate murderer than Cain that was to be executed, we followed the multitude, and grudged not to lend him our eyes at his last parting.

Who should it be but one Cutwolf, a wearish, dwarfish, writhen-faced cobbler, brother to Bartol the Italian that was confederate to Esdras of Granado and at that time stole away my courtesan when he ravished Heraclide.

It is not so natural for me to epitomize his impiety as to hear him in his own person speak upon the wheel where he was to suffer. Prepare your ears and your tears, for never till this thrust I any tragical matter upon you. Strange and wonderful are God's judgments; here shine they in their glory. Chaste Heraclide, thy blood is laid up in heaven's treasury; not one drop of it was lost, but lent out to usury. Water poured forth sinks down quietly into the earth, but blood spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmament. Murder is wide-mouthed, and will not let God rest till he grant revenge. Not only the blood of the slaughtered innocent, but the soul ascendeth to His throne, and there cries out and exclaims for justice and recompense. Guiltless souls that live every hour subject to violence, and with your despairing fears do much impair God's providence, fasten your eyes on this spectacle that will add to your faith. Refer all your oppressions, afflictions and injuries to the even-balanced eye of the Almighty. He it is that when your patience sleepeth will be most exceeding mindful of you.

This is but a gloss upon the text: thus Cutwolf begins his insulting oration:

"Men and people that have made holiday to

behold my pained flesh toil on the wheel, expect not of me a whining penitent slave, that shall do nothing but cry and say his prayers, and so be crushed in pieces. My body is little, but my mind is as great as a giant's; the soul which is in me is the very soul of Julius Caesar by reversion: my name is Cutwolf, neither better nor worse by occupation, but a poor cobbler of Verona—cobblers are men, and kings are no more. The occasion of my coming hither at this present, is to have a few of my bones broken (as we are all born to die) for being the death of the Emperor of Homicides, Esdras of Granado.

“About two years since, in the streets of Rome, he slew the only and eldest brother I had, named Bartol, in quarreling about a courtezan. The news brought to me as I was sitting in my shop under a stall, knocking in of tacks, I think I raised up my bristles, sold pritch-awl, sponge, blacking tub and punching iron, bought me rapier and pistol, and to go I went. Twenty months later, I pursued him, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Caieta passing over the river, from Caieta to Sienna, from Sienna to Florence, from Florence to Parma, from Parma to Pavia, from Pavia to Sion, from Sion to Geneva, from Geneva back again towards Rome; where in the way it

was my chance to meet him here at Bologna, as I will tell you how.

“I saw a great fray in the streets as I passed along, and many swords walking, whereupon drawing nearer and inquiring who they were, answer was returned me that it was that notable bandetto Esdras of Granado. Oh, so I was tickled in the spleen with that word, my heart hopped and danced, my elbows itched, my fingers frisked, I wist not what should become of my feet nor knew what I did for joy. The fray parted; I thought it not convenient to single him out (being a sturdy knave) in the street, but to stay till I had got him at more advantage. To his lodging I dodged him, lay at his door all night where he entered, for fear he should give me the slip any way. Betimes in the morning I rung the bell and craved to speak with him. Now to his chamber door I was brought where, knocking, he rose in his shirt and let me in; and when I was entered, bade me lock the door and declare my errand; and so he slipped to bed again.

“‘Marry, this,’ quoth I, ‘is my errand. Thy name is Esdras of Granado, is it not? Most treacherously thou slewest my brother Bartol about two years ago in the streets of Rome: his death am I come to revenge. In quest of thee,

ever since, above three thousand miles have I traveled. I have begged, to maintain me the better part of the way, only because I would intermit no time from my pursuit in going back for money. Now have I got thee naked in my power; die thou shalt, though my mother and my grandmother dying did entreat for thee. I have promised the devil thy soul within this hour; break my word I will not: in thy breast I intend to bury a bullet! Stir not, quinch not, make no noise, for if thou dost it will be worse for thee!’

“Quoth Esdras, ‘Whatever thou beest at whose mercy I lie, spare me, and I will give thee as much gold as thou wilt ask. Put me to any pains, my life reserved, and I willingly will sustain them: cut off my arms and legs, and leave me as a lazar to some loathsome spittle, where I may but live a year to pray and repent me! For thy brother’s death the despair of mind that hath ever since haunted me, the guilty gnawing worm of conscience I feel may be sufficient penance. Thou canst not send me to such a hell as already there is in my heart. To dispatch me presently is no revenge, it will soon be forgotten; let me die a lingering death, it will be remembered a great deal longer. A lingering death may avail my soul,

but it is the illest of ills that can befortune my body. For my soul's health I beg my body's torment! Be not thou a devil to torment my soul and send me to eternal damnation. Thy overhanging sword hides heaven from my sight; I dare not look up lest I embrace my death's-wound unawares. I cannot pray to God and plead to thee both at once. Aye me, already I see my life buried in the wrinkles of thy brows; say but I shall live, though thou meanest to kill me! Nothing confounds like to sudden terror; it thrusts every sense out of office. Poison wrapped up in sugared pills is but half a poison; the fear of death's looks are more terrible than his stroke. The whilst I view death, my faith is deaded: where a man's fear is, there his heart is. Fear never engenders hope; how can I hope that heaven's Father will save me from the hell everlasting, when he gives me over to the hell of thy fury?

“ ‘Heraclide, now think I on thy tears sown in the dust, thy tears that my bloody mind made barren. In revenge of thee, God hardens this man's heart against me. Yet I did not slaughter thee, though hundreds else my hand hath brought to the shambles. Gentle sir, learn of me what it is to clog your conscience with murder, to have

your dreams, your sleeps, your solitary walks troubled and disquieted with murder; your shadow by day will affright you; you will not see a weapon unsheathed but immediately you will imagine it is predestinate for your destruction. This murder is a house divided within itself; it suborns a man's own soul to inform against him: his soul, being his accuser, brings forth his two eyes as witnesses against him, and the least eye-witness is unrefutable. Pluck out my eyes if thou wilt, and deprive my traitorous soul of her two best witnesses. Dig out my blasphemous tongue with thy dagger! Both tongue and eyes will I gladly forego, to have a little more time to think on my journey to heaven.

“Defer a while thy resolution; I am not at peace with the world, for even but yesterday I fought, and in my fury threatened further vengeance. Had I a face to ask forgiveness, I should think half my sins were forgiven. A hundred devils haunt me daily for my horrible murders; the devils when I die will be loath to go to hell with me, for they desired of Christ He would not send them to hell before their time; if they go not to hell, into thee will they go and hideously vex thee for turning them out of their habitation. Wounds I condemn, life I prize

light; it is another world's tranquillity which makes me so timorous: everlasting damnation, everlasting howling and lamentation! It is not from death I request thee to deliver me, but from this terror of torment's eternity. Thy brother's body only I pierced unadvisedly; his soul meant I no harm to at all. My body and soul both shalt thou cast away quite, if thou doest at this instant what thou mayest. Spare me, spare me, I beseech thee! By thy own soul's salvation I desire thee, seek not my soul's utter perdition! In destroying me thou destroyest thyself and me.'

"Eagerly I replied after this long suppliant oration: 'Though I knew God would never have mercy upon me except I had mercy on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I have. Revenge in our tragedies is continually raised from hell: of hell do I esteem better than heaven, if it afford me revenge. I tell thee, I would not have undertook so much toil to gain heaven, as I have done in pursuing thee for revenge. Divine revenge, of which (as of the joys above) there is no fullness or satiety! Look how my feet are blistered with following thee from place to place! I have riven my throat with overstraining it to curse thee. I have ground my teeth to powder with

grating and grinding them together for anger when any hath named thee. My tongue with vain threats is bolen¹ and waxen too big for my mouth; my eyes have broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly as I stood devising how to frame or set my countenance when I met thee. I have near spent my strength in imaginary acting on stone walls, what I determined to execute on thee. Entreat not; a miracle may not reprieve thee. Villain, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels!’

“‘Stay, stay!’ exclaimed Esdras, ‘and hear me but one word further. Though neither for God nor man thou carest, but placest thy whole felicity in murder, yet of thy felicity learn how to make a greater felicity. Respite me a little from thy sword’s point, and set me about some execrable enterprise that may subvert the whole state of Christendom and make all men’s ears tingle that hear of it. Command me to cut all my kindred’s throats, to burn men, women and children in their beds in millions, by firing their cities at midnight. Be it Pope, Emperor or Turk that displeaseth thee, he shall not breathe on the earth. For thy sake will I swear and forswear, renounce my baptism and all the interest I have

¹ Swollen.

in any other sacrament. Only let me live, how miserable soever, be it in a dungeon amongst toads, serpents and adders, or set up to the neck in dung. No pains I will refuse, however protracted, to have a little respite to purify my spirit. Oh, hear me, hear me, and thou canst not be hardened against me!’

“At this his importunity I paused a little, not as retiring from my wreakful resolution, but going back to gather more forces of vengeance. With myself I devised how to plague him double in his base mind; my thoughts traveled in quest of some notable new Italianism whose murderous platform might not only extend on his body, but his soul also. The groundwork of it was this: that whereas he had promised for my sake to swear and forswear, and commit Julian-like violence on the highest seals of religion, if he would but this far satisfy me, he should be dismissed from my fury. First and foremost he should renounce God and His laws, and utterly disclaim the whole title or interest he had in any covenant of salvation. Next, he should curse Him to His face, as Job was willed by his wife, and write an absolute firm obligation of his soul to the devil, without condition or exception. Thirdly and lastly (having done this), he should

pray to God fervently never to have mercy upon him, or pardon him.

“Scarce had I propounded these articles unto him, but he was beginning his blasphemous ab-jurations. I wonder the earth opened not and swallowed us both, hearing the bold terms he blasted forth in contempt of Christianity; heaven hath thundered when half less contumelies against it hath been uttered. Able they were to raise saints and martyrs from their graves, and pluck Christ Himself from the right hand of His Father. My joints trembled and quaked with attending them, my hair stood upright, and my heart was turned wholly to fire. So affection-ately and zealously did he give himself over to in-fidelity, as if Satan had gotten the upper hand of our High Maker. The vein in his left hand that is derived from the heart with no faint blow he pierced, and with the full blood that flowed from it writ a full obligation of his soul to the devil; yea, he more earnestly prayed unto God never to forgive his soul, than many Christians do to save their souls.

“These fearful ceremonies brought to an end, I bade him ope his mouth and gape wide. He did so, as what will not slaves do for fear? Therewith I made no more ado, but shot him

full into the throat with my pistol. No more spake he after: so did I shoot him that he might never speak after, or repent him. His body, being dead, looked black as a toad; the devil presently branded it for his own.

“This is the fault that hath called me hither; no true Italian but will honor me for it. Revenge is the glory of arms and the highest performance of valor; revenge is whatsoever we call law or justice. The farther we wade in revenge, the nearer come we to the throne of the Almighty. To His scepter it is properly ascribed: His scepter he lends unto man, when He lets one man scourge another. All true Italians imitate me in revenging constantly and dying valiantly. Hangman, to thy task, for I am ready for the utmost of thy rigor.”

Herewithal the people, outrageously incensed, with one conjoined outcry, yelled mainly, “Away with him, away with him! Executioner, torture him! Tear him! Or we will tear thee in pieces if thou spare him!”

The executioner needed no exhortation hereunto, for of his own nature was he hackster good enough: old-excellent he was at a bone-ache. At the first chop with his wood-knife would he fish for a man’s heart and fetch it out as easily

as a plum from the bottom of a porridge-pot. He would crack necks as fast as a cook cracks eggs; a fiddler cannot turn his pin so soon as he would turn a man off the ladder.

Bravely did he drum on this Cutwolf's bones, not breaking them outright, but like a saddler knocking in of tacks, jarring on them quaveringly with his hammer a great while together. No joint about him but, with a hatchet he had for the nonce, he disjoined half, and then with boiling lead soldered up the wounds from bleeding. His tongue he pulled out, lest he should blaspheme in his torment; venomous stinging worms he thrust into his ears to keep his head ravingly occupied. With cankers scruzed to pieces he rubbed his mouth and his gums; no limb of his but was lingeringly splintered in shivers.

In this horror left they him on the wheel as in hell, where yet living he might behold his flesh legacied amongst the fowls of the air. Unsearchable is the book of our destinies; one murder begetteth another; was never yet bloodshed barren from the beginning of the world to this day.

Mortifiedly abjected and daunted was I with this truculent tragedy of Cutwolf and Esdras. To such straight life did it thenceforward incite

me that ere I went out of Bologna I married my courtesan, performed many alms-deeds, and hasted so fast out of the Sodom of Italy that within forty days I arrived at the King of England's camp twixt Ard and Guisnes in France, where he with great triumphs met and entertained the Emperor and the French King, and feasted many days.

And so, as my story began with the King at Turnay and Terouenne, I think meet here to end it with the King at Ard and Guisnes. All the conclusive epilogue I will make is this, that if herein I have pleased any, it shall animate me to more pains in this kind.

Otherwise I will swear upon an English
Chronicle never to be outlandish
chronicler more while I live. Fare-
well as many as wish me well.

June 27, 1593.

FINIS

